

What is Kuṇḍalinī?

Interviewing Gods



By: Hugo Whyte

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This is a work of non-fiction. The author has fictitiously used names to protect the real identity of the persons.

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Prologue

Over the span of three years, I journeyed across continents to sit with people who claimed something few dare to say aloud: that they had awakened the ancient force known as kuṇḍalinī.

In total, I met with eighteen individuals—though that number could have easily been one hundred.

I turned many down—not out of skepticism, but precision. I wasn't looking for vague accounts of bliss or passing flashes of light. I was searching for a thread—something structured, unmistakable, and quietly extraordinary. Many of the stories I encountered were sincere, even beautiful. But they didn't carry the current I was following.

What I sought was a certain kind of unfolding. A process that moved like intelligence through the body. One that left people changed—not in theory, but in the rhythm of how they breathed, walked, spoke, and saw the world.

Before meeting anyone, I spent months in correspondence. I had placed a quiet invitation into

the world—a discreet call for those who knew the force by experience, not theory. The replies came steadily. Yet even then, I listened between their words for signs of depth, coherence, and that strange ring of truth.

For the sake of their privacy, I've changed their names and left out certain details. But what remains is raw and unvarnished. What emerged from these conversations is not a single truth, but a shared frequency—a hidden architecture of experience that connects people across languages, cultures, and landscapes.

And what they revealed to me is this: kuṇḍalinī is not what most people think it is.

Kundalini

Before we turn to the interviews, let's explore how kuṇḍalinī is described in modern culture—and then compare it to the traditional texts of the Middle Ages.

Let us begin with the word itself: kuṇḍalinī—a word that today floats through spiritual culture like a lantern cut loose from its origin—glowing, mysterious, and largely misunderstood.

Even the dictionary, a place meant to anchor meaning, offers wildly different definitions. Here are two, chosen at random, that don't share a single word:

- “Latent female energy believed to lie coiled at the base of the spine.”
- “The vital force lying dormant within one until activated by the practice of yoga, which leads one toward spiritual power and eventual salvation.”

Both assume dormancy. Both suggest this energy is buried inside us, waiting. And yet, strikingly, this idea of a sleeping energy at the base

of the spine is absent from the original Sanskrit texts where the word kuṇḍalinī first appears.

To understand what kuṇḍalinī truly meant at its inception, we must return to its source: the Tantric tradition. The word—feminine in form, meaning “the coiled one”—first appears in early Tantric texts around 1,300 years ago. It does not appear in the Vedas, the Upanishads, or the classical philosophical schools of India. From the beginning, kuṇḍalinī was exclusively a Tantric concept, born within a tradition that was radical, experiential, and rooted in the body.

And the kuṇḍalinī yoga taught in studios today? It bears no historical connection to the original Tantric teachings. The modern system known by that name emerged in the late 20th century, synthesising Sikh practices, Hatha yoga, and contemporary spiritual ideas. Although often presented as ancient, scholars and historians generally regard it as a modern development.

So, if we peel back the layers of reinterpretation, what do the original texts actually say?

The earliest mention of kuṇḍalinī comes from a Trika scripture called the Siddha-yogeshvarī-mata, a stillunpublished text that refers to her as jagadyoni—the “womb of the world.” From her, it says, arise the three great powers of will (icchā),

knowledge (jñāna), and action (kriyā)—and from those, the very building blocks of language.

She is not simply a force within the body. She is the source of creation itself. A cosmic intelligence coiled within matter, woven into awareness.

Around the same period, another text—the Kālottara, rooted in the Shaiva Siddhānta tradition—offers a different view. It places kuṇḍalinī not at the base of the spine, but in the heart. She is not asleep. She is alert—poised, vital, and aware.

So then where did the serpent come from?

Well, that arrived later—and even then, only as metaphor. The term prasupta-bhujagākṛti—“the shape of a sleeping serpent”—was likely used to describe a coiled spiral. Over time, metaphor hardened into doctrine. What was fluid became fixed.

Later texts, like the Netra-tantra (c. 800 CE), add nuance. When the bīja mantra of kuṇḍalinī is sounded correctly, it becomes a nāda-sūcī—a “sound needle” that pierces the inner knots (granthis) obstructing consciousness.

By the 11th century, Abhinavagupta had mapped a threefold model: parā- kuṇḍalinī at the crown, kula- kuṇḍalinī at the heart, and prāṇa- kuṇḍalinī at the base. Later texts like the Amaraugha-śāsana

echoed this structure, describing the descent of the upper power, the contraction of the lower, and the awakening of the middle—culminating in parama-sukha, or supreme bliss.

So, then—what is kuṇḍalinī, really?

Note on Structure

In the following pages, I've chosen to present these interviews within the framework of a single book, rather than stretching them across eighteen individual accounts. That decision was partly about efficiency—but more than that it was about coherence. These were not eighteen separate stories. They were one story told in eighteen different voices.

Before we continue, I must be clear: every single person I interviewed described the same essential pattern of events. Though their personalities, lifestyles, and languages varied, each of them spoke of what they came to understand as *kuṇḍalinī*—not as a theory or a concept, but as a lived, inner metamorphosis.

To keep the text focused and accessible, I've left out the overlapping details and reserved this section to speak about the striking commonalities they shared. What I've included from their individual interviews are the elements that made each of them unique—the pieces that stood out,

diverged, or deepened the picture in unexpected ways.

But make no mistake: it was the patterns between them that compelled me to create this book.

They all described the process as ancient. An unfolding. A rebirth. They spoke of the visual representation related to the kuṇḍalinī—the serpent—not as a literal creature, but as an analogy. Its coiled form, they said, represented a movement within the body, a hidden awakening only known to the one who carries it.

This change within the body was the single most unifying theme across all their stories. It was, in their words, the foundation of their faith.

None of them claimed to understand what was happening to them before the age of thirty-nine, and most of them pointed to age forty-two as a milestone—a point in their life when their understanding of why they are here became known.

They all believed they had become whole by being reunited with the spirit within them. And it was this indwelling spirit—subtle, patient, precise—that they said had been guiding them all along.

They spoke, too, of biological changes—shifts within the body itself—and of how the ancient stories of the flood were allegories for such internal transformations. I pressed all of them for specifics, but they refused. Gently, but firmly. They believed humanity would not benefit—but rather suffer—from certain truths becoming accessible at masses.

There is, they say, a force behind all things—a hidden intelligence—moving everything toward harmony at the right pace, for both the whole and the individual.

What I could verify—what I did witness—was the way they lived.

Without exception, they had each overcome their vices. There was a stillness in their presence, a clarity in their homes, a simplicity—and also profound wisdom—in their words. They had found peace, not through acquisition, but through non-attachment.

None of them craved what the modern world idolises: not wealth, not fame, not pleasure, not distraction.

And all of them—without coordination or contact—spoke of their duty to humanity.

As healers.

As quiet workers in the shadows.

Not seeking applause, or validation, or reward.

Only the opportunity to ease the suffering of others.

Their spiritual wealth made them seem, to me, like gods on Earth—and what stayed with me most was the quiet truth that they neither needed nor wanted anyone to know it.

Interview One

Biological Machines

MR. H- IRELAND



It was a damp, slate-grey morning when I landed in Ireland—the kind of weather that settles into your bones and makes you aware of every breath. I wasn't there for the landscape, though the rolling green hills and stonewalled pastures did their best to distract me. I had come to meet a man who claimed something few dare to say aloud—that he had birthed the kuṇḍalinī.

His email correspondence had been direct—no flowery mysticism, no grand declarations. That alone had caught my attention. But it was his description of the unfoldment within him that stayed with me. It echoed a pattern I had heard from the other seventeen.

He lived in a rural village, the kind of place where people still wave as they pass, and

conversations happen without pre-tense. It took two buses and a long walk down a hedge-lined road to reach his home.

The setting was modest: weathered stone, a peat fire burning low, and a quiet stillness in the air that felt both ordinary and charged. Here, far from yoga studios and new age chatter, was a man whose life had been quietly rearranged by something most people don't believe in—or simply don't understand.

He greeted me at the door with a nod and a smile. In his early fifties, he carried the sort of presence that doesn't need to announce itself—calm, grounded, like a tree that's weathered its share of storms. We exchanged a few quiet pleasantries before settling in by the hearth, the fire crackling softly. He didn't seem rushed. I got the sense he rarely was.

As the Sun broke through the clouds, he spoke.

“You're not here to be convinced,” he said plainly, looking straight at me. “You're here because something in you already knows it's real.”

I asked when it happened.

“I used to think that was the right question,” he said.

“But now I believe it was happening my whole life.” That shook me. I had never heard anyone explain it that way. Usually, people give an exact age, a moment, a flash. He didn’t.

I pushed further. “How do you mean?”

He took a long breath. “Before birth, it’s decided for a person. And those who encounter it—truly encounter it—are guided into the major changes throughout their life. And then a time comes when they remember who they truly are and why they came to Earth.”

“Do you mean guided by guardian angels?” I asked.

“You could call them that,” he said, with a slight shrug. “But the terms and labels can be a problem. They’re just more materialist projections—mental images we use to cling to what we can’t grasp.”

“So, they have no images?” I asked.

Without hesitation, he looked out the window toward the sky and said, “They are light. They are programmable code trying to rewrite the software we call life.”

He spoke with such certainty, and yet so calmly, it felt less like belief and more like transmission. Each phrase felt received—like something he’d

been handed from beyond, not something he had created.

I pressed him further on the soul's reason for coming to Earth. He told me it was to be a light to those lost in the dark—that his kind were warriors, willing to experience death in order to help others. He explained that they needed to sleep for a time, to fully understand humanity's struggles. It was through sharing in that pain that they could find the solutions the world needed.

I asked him if there had been any signs throughout his life that he was different. He told me that as a child, he would sometimes feel strange sensations in his hands—feelings he couldn't explain at the time. Now, he believes they were early surges of energy moving through his body.

“It's allegorically written into the Bible,” he explained. “When the apostle Thomas checks Jesus' hands to make sure it's him after he resurrects.”

He continued, explaining his metaphor of the human being as a kind of biological computer. And I couldn't deny—his comparisons were compelling. Our code. Our hardware. Our updates.

I asked him what he thought of the fringe idea that we live in a simulation. He didn't even blink.

“In the end, what difference does it make?” he said. “There must be some kind of code at the foundation of reality. So, for the human—why would it be worse than any other explanation?”

Then, without pause, he continued:

“In this reality, there are a clear set of rules. Physics.

There is a visible process, from entropy to order, from formless to form. A tree, a child, a galaxy. It all follows the same arc. So the human—if he wants peace—need only align himself with that arc. Align with the process.

“That’s all.”

He said it so simply, so plainly, and yet the room felt different now. Warmer. Wider. I sat in silence, staring into the space between us, already meditating on what it meant to be inside a human body.

And then, almost without thinking, my mind turned to others—the ones addicted to excess, to speed, to noise. The ones consuming everything and still starving. And it became clear: they weren’t just lost. They were inverted. Aligned against the current of nature, rather than with it.

Suddenly it all made sense. The disarray. The suffering. The emptiness.

It wasn't punishment.

It was misalignment.

And I began to understand why this man—and so many others I'd met—were no longer running on the hamster wheel society had placed them upon.

They had turned toward something deeper.

And found a life that was real.

Mr. I went into a series of technical metaphors, laying out in detail how the human body and the computer were, to him, essentially the same thing—processors, memory banks, software systems, code running in the background. But what I really wanted to know was whether he had any experiential proof of this—something beyond analogy. Something lived.

He paused for a moment, then said, almost reluctantly, "I've seen the code twice."

He said both times occurred while waking from sleep, in that strange seam between dreaming and waking—where the mind is stilled, half tuned to what he called the etheric realm. A kind of threshold. The visions didn't last long—ten

seconds, maybe—but they left him completely changed.

What surprised him, he said, was not the intensity of what he saw—but how undisturbed he was by it. There was no breakdown. No existential crisis. Just a calm certainty, as if something inside him had been waiting.

“I thought it would shatter my worldview,” he admitted. “But it didn’t. It was like I had already made room for it.”

He explained how he believed his whole life had been preparing him for those brief moments. That the patterns of his upbringing, his choices, even his hardships had been gently sculpting him to be able to receive such revelations without falling apart.

“They didn’t come to disrupt me,” he said. “They came because I was ready—because the message needed to land in someone who wouldn’t try to profit from it, someone who would take the time to understand it, and find the right way to bring it into the world.”

He wasn’t saying it to elevate himself—there was no ego in it. In fact, he seemed to carry it more like a burden than a badge. Like someone entrusted with something he never asked for—but now felt responsible to protect.

That idea stayed with me: the notion that the deepest truths don't come to those who seek them most aggressively—but to those quietly prepared to carry them.

As if intuitively reading the skepticism my body was throwing at him, he looked at me and said gently—but without hesitation:

“It wasn't a dream. I had full mental faculties while it was happening. I could think clearly, observe, question. I knew what I was seeing. And I had a peace come over me in those moments... a kind of warmth I can't explain. It felt like being shown something infinite—look at this—but while being held, cradled, like a child in a mother's loving arms.”

His voice didn't shake. He wasn't trying to convince me. He was simply describing something he had lived.

Something that didn't require belief—because it was already woven into the architecture of his life.

I pressed him—what exactly did he see?

He said the code covered every surface his eyes landed on. A dense web of tiny symbols laid out in a parallel structure, similar to how we would see coding written on our machines, although none of which he could translate. At the bottom-right

corner of his field of vision, he saw something else—a geometric shape, hovering within its own section.

“A Platonic solid,” he said. “One of the five perfect forms. I believe it was the structural makeup of whatever I was focusing on—its atomic form.”

I sat with that for a moment. “So why you?” I asked. “Why were you able to see it—and why can’t you see it again? Why can’t anyone else?”

He didn’t answer right away. When he did, his voice was quieter.

“Some people are chosen to bring knowledge into the world,” he said. “But only when it’s time for that knowledge to be understood. For most of human history, no one could have made sense of it. But now, with our world so steeped in computers and digital systems, the metaphor finally fits. We’re ready. We can understand.” He wasn’t claiming to be special—not exactly. It was more like he had been given a glimpse of something, and now felt a responsibility to share it, however he could.

He looked at me then, not with ego but with sincerity.

“It’s not about proving anything,” he said. “It’s about preparing people. About helping them realise that this—” he gestured around again, “this whole thing—it’s not chaos. There’s structure. Intelligence. Intention. We’re not passengers. We’re participants.”

“How do we find meaning in a world built this way?” I asked.

He sat back in his seat and took a deep breath. After a short pause, he replied, “I’ve given this quite a bit of thought, as you can probably imagine. We need to see this realm as a place to sow, not to reap. There are dimensions beyond this one—that’s where our focus should be. This world is temporary; no one would argue with that. So why place all our attention here? We must outgrow the material world. We must overcome it.”

When I asked him how awakening related to the idea of the biological machine, he said it was like emptying the trash. Most people believe they are deleting what no longer serves them, but in truth, they are only moving it to the recycle bin. The files remain, still hidden within the system.

When I asked him how kuṇḍalinī related to the idea of the biological machine, he said it was like emptying the trash. Most people believe they are deleting what no longer serves them, but in truth,

they are only moving it to the recycle bin. The files remain, still hidden within the system.

“In the other dimensions, do you believe their run on code too?” I asked.

He shook his head gently, the kind of movement that spoke of long, sleepless nights spent wrestling with questions like this. Then he replied, “The answer to that, I do not know. I don’t even claim to understand this dimension—I only know what I’ve seen. I do know though that I won’t be coming back here again unless I choose to, because I know I am more than this body. So the answer to that question... I must wait for.”

There was a long silence between us after that. Not empty. Just full of something neither of us knew how to name.

I left not with answers, but with a kind of stillness I hadn’t expected. It followed me as I stepped back out into the damp Irish air, the mist curling at the edges of the stone walls like breath.

The walk to the bus stop felt different on the way back. Slower. More alert. I kept thinking about the code—those brief ten seconds he described with such certainty, and how calmly he carried the weight of it. Not as a possession, but as a quiet

task. A whisper from the fabric of things that said: understand.

The idea that reality has structure isn't new. But the idea that it wants to be known—that it reveals itself not through force, but through readiness—was something I hadn't fully considered.

He didn't speak in absolutes. He didn't preach. But his life was arranged around something unshakable.

And as the bus pulled away, the hills blurring into fogged glass, I realised the most powerful part of what he offered wasn't what he saw.

It was how he had come to understand the meaning of life.

Interview Two

Rebirth

MR. Y- BASQUE COUNTRY



The Basque Country felt worlds away from the bright, sun-soaked Spain I'd grown up imagining. Here, the cliffs were jagged, the wind tasted of salt and stone, and the landscape felt carved by something far older than human hands. My journey had led me deep into the hills, to a village so quiet it seemed to pulse with its own rhythm, as if it had made peace with time long ago.

Reaching Mr. Y took longer than I expected. A bus dropped me at a crossroads, and from there it was winding paths and guesswork. My map was no help. Just as I held my phone aloft, searching desperately for a flicker of signal to call him, I heard a voice.

“Ola!”

I turned. A man was jogging up the path toward me, waving with one hand, his smile as bright as the hillside behind him.

That was my first glimpse of him—and I knew right away. This was the man.

He reached me with a handshake that was both firm and warm.

“Good to see you,” I said, still catching my breath. “I got lost.”

“Yes,” he laughed, “but sometimes it’s a blessing to be technologically lost to others.”

I knew from his emails that his English wasn’t strong, so I’d already prepared to stretch my Spanish. Our conversation took place entirely in his native tongue, and for the sake of clarity, I’ve translated his words into English here.

We walked five minutes or so to his house—a single story stone dwelling nestled into the hillside. The garden stopped me. Pears, cherries, kiwis. Everything from root to vine. It wasn’t just productive—it was devotional.

“I don’t garden for consumption,” he said, watching me admire it. “I garden to understand reality.”

He spoke of the Bible—the Father as the husbandman, Jesus as the true vine. Fruit, he said, is not just a metaphor. It’s a pattern. A teaching. “When you grow something,” he told me, “you witness spiritual law.”

Inside, the same devotion. A large golden singing bowl sat on an oak sideboard in the hallway. He struck it gently as we passed. Its frequency hummed through the air like a bell reminding us to listen and understand. And then the books—thousands of them lining one wall of the living room, all spines worn with touch.

“Wow,” I said, stepping toward them. “Amazon has no issues finding your place then.”

He laughed. “Some are from websites,” he said. “But most I bought from small bookstores and charity shops.”

I asked when his thirst for reading began—when the fascination first took root. He smiled, the kind of smile that hinted at something long held quietly inside.

The NeverEnding Story, he said, pointing at the novel on the top shelf. “I saw the movie as a boy. But it took me more than thirty years to decipher what Michael Ende really wrote.”

“Oh yeah,” I said, lifting the book out. “The one where the child gives the Empress a new name—and saves the world.”

He nodded. “A new name indeed.” The smile widened.

I pressed him further, curious about what that symbol meant to him. I mentioned how I’d come across similar language in certain esoteric and biblical texts.

He smiled again, softer this time. “That name is only spoken where ears can hear.”

As I placed the book back and scanned the shelves further, I pulled a worn volume with the ouroboros on its cover—the snake eating its tail. He looked over.

“Quite the synchronicity,” he said.

“How do you mean?”

“That symbol is on the book cover in the movie. And more than that—it’s the oldest symbol we have for the thing you came here to ask me about. The serpent is the greatest of all symbols. It’s been with us forever. In our myths, our religions.”

“So, what does it mean?” I asked.

“Well,” he said, now stroking his beard gently. “Let me tell you our oldest story. There’s a tale called the Epic of Gilgamesh—you may have heard of it. In the story, Gilgamesh seeks out immortality. After a long journey, he finds the plant to give him just that, but a serpent steals the plant and, upon leaving the scene, sheds its skin. Do you understand the symbol of the serpent now?”

The story didn’t rattle any bells in my head; my mind was blank. Thankfully, he didn’t leave me hanging for long.

“Rebirth,” he said. “The serpent is the perfect symbol for rebirth because as it grows, it sheds its skin. Painfully. And in that pain—it becomes new. That’s what we all must do.”

I traced my fingers over the embossed scales on the cover. “We must shed the body?” I asked.

He walked over and gently removed the book from my hands, returning it to its place. Then he turned and gestured to the couch.

“We must, similarly through pain and suffering, break free from the chains that bind us, and in doing so we shall find new life.”

We sat. The afternoon light streamed through the window, slanting into the room like a quiet blessing. I shifted, met his gaze.

“So, pain is necessary for enlightenment?”

He nodded. “A good metaphor would be the pains of labor upon the mother during childbirth. But once the child is born, the pain is forgotten. And what remains is a bliss unlike anything else.”

“But most people avoid pain,” I said. “Even the wisest in our culture tell us to seek peace—freedom from pain.”

He sighed, not with judgment, but with a sense of hopelessness.

“And that,” he said, “is our biggest problem. Our not understanding that pain is our blessing. It is the only teacher that cannot be ignored. It brings us to the mirror. But most people turn in ignorance. They bury the voice inside—the one telling them the truth. They numb it with distractions, addictions, clever ideologies that justify staying asleep.”

He leaned forward slightly. “Take alcohol,” he said. “People consider it a normal part of their lives. And in society you would be thought well of if you consumed it in moderation. But why? For it poisons the body. Damages the gut microbiome. Even crosses the bloodbrain barrier. So why then should it be okay to consume even a little?”

There was passion in his voice now. Not anger—concern. A deep knowing that had come from overcoming the vices that chained the world.

“They are wise to say we must find peace,” he said. “But pain is the only road to the peace they speak of, at least while we wear the mortal body. Pain must be honoured—not numbed by chemicals and lies, but observed, understood, and obeyed.”

I let the moment breathe, then gently asked what I had come to ask: “Why do you believe you’ve raised the kuṇḍalinī?”

He didn’t hesitate. “It’s unmistakable when it happens to you.” He went on to explain many things that I would go on to hear from the others I interviewed. But he said that the term—kuṇḍalinī—is just a name. And that it has been called many things.

Interested, I asked, “Like what?” “Christ consciousness. The philosopher’s stone. Bodhi. Samadhi. Nirvana. Rainbow body. I could go on. Different names for the same process. A metamorphosis. A death and a rebirth.”

I asked about the serpent at the base of the spine.

“That’s a modern invention,” he said. “Like I was already explaining, the serpent is just a symbol

for rebirth, and the coiled shape is a feeling known only to those who have awakened.”

We spoke for hours; he had a way of telling stories that were woven with allegory, each one pulling me further into his world.

The sun sank behind the hills. I could have remained in that room forever, the light wandering from book to book as it moved across the sky, whispering to me in a language beyond words: study is the way.

Before I left, he handed me a small hand-drawn map for my next stop in the Basque area.

And with that, I stepped back into the quiet of the silent hills, carrying something I didn't yet have words for.

Interview Three

Symbols

MR. D- BASQUE COUNTRY



As I reached the city of Bilbao, the contrast from the countryside I had just left was striking. This place felt alive in a way that blended the old and the new—narrow, cobbled streets winding between sleek modernist buildings, the past and future dancing in harmony. It was here, amidst the buzz of cafés and art galleries, that I was set to meet a man whose story had intrigued me for months.

His reputation had preceded him, but it wasn't his achievements that drew me in—it was his knowledge of reality through symbols.

Bilbao was a city of splendour. The famous

Guggenheim Museum, with its gleaming titanium curves, seemed almost a metaphor for the man I had come to see. On the surface, he was an upright member of society—a published author, a

professional, a man who had adapted to the fast pace of urban life. But beneath that exterior was a calm intensity, a stillness that felt slightly out of place in a city so full of motion.

I found his apartment tucked away in a quiet neighbourhood, far from the tourist paths. The walls were lined with books, and the air held a lingering scent of incense—and something else, something harder to name. It felt like a space suspended between worlds. Modern, but ancient. Earthly, but elevated.

He welcomed me with a nod, as if we were picking up a conversation already in progress. His movements were unhurried, deliberate. There was no performance, no spiritual façade—just an ease, a steadiness, like someone who had weathered something deep and come through quieter, more whole.

We sat near the window, overlooking a silent street where ivy crept up stone walls and the sound of children's laughter drifted faintly from a nearby park. He poured tea and gestured toward the shelves beside us—worn notebooks, ancient texts, and objects that looked far older than the room itself: weathered stones, carved wooden symbols, a faded cloth bearing strange geometric designs.

“First come the images,” he said, noticing my gaze. “Then the teacher. Then understanding.”

At first, he hadn’t understood them. The visions during meditation. The shapes that appeared in his mind’s eye, in dreams, in people’s behaviours, in the contours of trees, clouds, and architecture. They filled his every waking and sleeping moment.

At first, he thought they were tricks of the subconscious. But they returned. Persistently. And soon, he began to trust them.

“Carvings on old Basque churches. Hidden patterns in Sufi manuscripts. Symbols etched in the architecture of ancient temples started to have meaning.”

It was as if the energy had reawakened a language buried in his being—a visual vocabulary that didn’t speak in words, but in resonance.

“They’re not concepts,” he said. “They’re like keys. Each one unlocks a different layer of perception, and through time, each layer leads to a deeper layer.”

Through books and research, he began to find their echoes in ancient cultures. The gods. The stone pillars around the world. The artwork of the renaissance. The yoni-linga. The vesica piscis.

Cultures scattered across time and geography, yet somehow speaking the same visual tongue.

“It’s as if the energy doesn’t just awaken the self,” he said. “It awakens memory—ancestral, cellular, cosmic.” What struck me was his humility. He didn’t call himself a mystic or a scholar. He was still working his day job creating fictional stories. Still navigating the rhythms of ordinary life. But in the quiet hours of dawn and dusk, he entered another world—one where time folded and patterns whispered their truths.

“Sometimes I wonder if the symbols came from me,” he said, “or if I came from them.”

He explained how everyone’s dreams are symbols trying to communicate with them. We need only pay attention.

“Symbols are the working of the Almighty,” he said. “Once the veil of darkness falls, you see the true fabric of reality—and it’s written in symbols.”

His words echoed things I had heard before. Mr. H in Ireland had spoken of code. And after all, what is code, if not symbolic language?

At one point, I asked him if he would be willing to decode the symbols—for those who would eventually read this.

He paused, then shook his head gently.

“No,” he said. “I’d be doing more harm than good.” He explained that to reveal the meanings too directly would be to muddy the path for those who, in time, may come to need them. The symbols weren’t meant to be explained. They were meant to be unlocked—layer by layer, through persistent study and inner reflection.

“Otherwise,” he said, “they’ll become just more words. And words, if they don’t strike from within, have no real effect.”

Only when discovered through the quiet work of selfrealisation, he said, could the symbols do what they were meant to do—heal.

That night, before I left, he showed me a small notebook—worn leather with an ouroboros embossed on the cover. There it was again: that image. The cycle without beginning or end.

The pages inside were filled with sketches, diagrams, fragments of paper and symbols. Some intricate, some childlike. Some ancient. He offered only vague explanations, speaking lightly and shifting topics before revealing too much.

But I understood why.

He wasn't withholding out of secrecy, but out of care.

He had done his part. The seed had been planted.

And now it was mine to tend. Mine to sit with. To study. To feel. To unlock not with intellect, but with intuition.

The notebook, like him, was not a teacher in the traditional sense. It was a mirror. And I had only gained the opportunity to see what it was reflecting.

The kuṇḍalinī was becoming very real to me. It wasn't just stories now—it was a thread woven into people, lives, cities, breath. I could feel the pulse of something ancient waking up inside the modern world.

He kindly showed me a little of the city that evening while we continued talking. We had much in common as we both loved to write. I made a lifelong friend that day in Mr. D. And as we parted ways, with the lights of Bilbao glinting across the surface of the river, I felt a quiet awe settle over me.

There are maps hidden in the shapes we've forgotten—waiting to be remembered by those who learn how to see.

Interview Four

Chaos to Order

MR. R- NETHERLANDS



The city of Utrecht was a world apart from the bustling streets of Amsterdam. While still alive with the energy of a vibrant student population and a rich history, Utrecht had a quieter, more intimate feel. The canals meandered through the heart of the city, their water sparkling under the soft light of the early morning, and the narrow, cobblestone streets lined with charming cafés and shops invited slow-paced exploration.

I was meeting a man who had lived in Utrecht for several years, drawn not just by the city's historic charm but by its slower, more reflective atmosphere. His apartment was located in one of the old buildings near the canal, with large windows that let in the warm afternoon light. Inside, the space was simple but filled with a sense of calm—a perfect reflection of his approach to

life. He had moved away from the demands of a fast-paced career, seeking instead a deeper connection to himself and to the world around him.

His experience with kuṇḍalinī was not something he sought out through flashy rituals or dramatic spiritual journeys, but rather through a quiet, consistent practice of meditation and mindfulness. He spoke about his awakening as an unfolding process—something that had developed gradually over time, much like the slow flow of the canals outside his window.

In Utrecht's peaceful corners, surrounded by centuries of history and the hum of daily life, he had found a rhythm that allowed him to cultivate inner peace while remaining connected to the world around him. The city, with its blend of the old and the new, seemed to be the perfect backdrop for a journey that had, in many ways, transcended the ordinary.

We sat at his small kitchen table, sipping tea brewed from herbs he'd grown himself on the windowsill. The air was filled with the scent of chamomile and mint, and just beyond the glass, a bicycle bell rang—soft, distant, like a punctuation mark on the stillness between us.

He wasn't in a hurry to tell his story. In fact, he seemed almost reluctant at first, not out of secrecy,

but reverence—like speaking of it too quickly might strip it of its meaning. When he did speak, his words came slowly, with long pauses in between, as if translated from a language that didn't quite exist in words.

“It's not something easily communicated,” he said nervously. “Its secrets are actually guarded by powers well above this world.”

This I now believed. All of those I had interviewed shared a reluctance to go deep into what was actually going on within them physiologically, and none of them explained the true meanings of the symbols to me. Although they did all share with me the way to obtain the kuṇḍalinī awakening—through purifying the body and mind, and having a thirst to know the truth of reality.

“There's no way of proving it, is there?” I asked.

“Prove it to yourself? Yes, absolutely. Prove it to another? No!” he said. “It must be experienced, it must be unraveled. That's the only way it has meaning. When it unravels and heals you from within, it's something that can never be taken away from you. From that point, you would die for your beliefs.”

“Really, it’s similar to religions then? Faith-based,” I said.

“You could say that,” he replied. “But when this comes upon you, it doesn’t take much faith to live it. It’s so undeniable that it becomes the only thing you’re sure of.”

He went on to explain how he questioned the illusion of this dimension we exist within. He said that he took comfort in what was within him—his teacher. It had become his safety in the stormy seas of this reality.

I couldn’t help but think how he and the others were able to function. Their minds seemed to struggle with the reality they had been programmed with their whole lives—then came a sudden and dramatic change. But still, an expectancy remained to hold the reality around them in place. I could feel the walls closing in on me just thinking about it.

“Do you ever doubt your sanity?” I asked.

“Many times,” he said, nodding his head. “It’s a sign of a sound mind though. One must question everything—including themselves.”

That made sense to me. I questioned him about the traits required to raise kuṇḍalinī within. He told me that a person must have an unquenchable thirst

for knowledge. If they tick that box and have a desire to find peace, then they will take the necessary steps in life to purify their body and also still their mind. He told me that the subconscious mind is the untameable beast—the largest hurdle—and most people can never overcome it.

“If I were to come up with the one thing that took me over the finish line, I would say it was stilling my mind,” he said. “It took me a few years of nightly practice. I did it to overcome anxiety—there was no thought of an awakening in my mind.

“All my life, I had done my worrying when I closed my eyes at night to sleep. This was the time I would plan for the day ahead, a time to come up with solutions to the troublesome circumstances in my life. Then one day, I heard someone speak about the negative effects of taking problems into your nightly rest. This changed everything for me, and from then on I started doing positive affirmations at night until I fell asleep.

“Eventually, I upped it to trying to have no thoughts. This took a couple of years to master, but as soon as I accomplished it, big changes started happening—what you call the *kuṇḍalinī*.”

“You don’t name it that then?” I asked.

With a slight smirk, he replied, “No. I think that term has been misused by modern-day so-called gurus.”

He went on to explain that it’s a process within the body, but it’s controlled by the ether. He said it can be felt and experienced as real as anything else made of matter, but the part that is eternal—therefore real—has its existence in the etheric realm.

I asked him if this was a dualistic way of thinking. He responded firmly, telling me that duality was a concept born of ignorance—one embraced only by those still living in death.

He told me there is only oneness in all of creation, and that all has its existence within the almighty light of the All.

“So, you believe there is no such thing as separation?” I asked.

“I don’t believe it—I know it!” he said, looking directly at me. “How could there be an existence outside of that which you exist within? Surely you are bound by locality.

“You wouldn’t look at a CD and name all the individual bits of data upon it—you call it a CD. What was named ‘sin’ is the idea of duality, of separation.

Idolatry is to praise anything as something other than the All. The All must be meditated on in everything we experience—the good and the bad.

“The evil in this world is the ignorance that humans live their lives in—an ignorance to what they are, where they are, and why they are.”

I stopped taking notes and took a quiet, deep breath, thinking about what he had just said—that everything is within the All. If this was the case, we were protected at all turns. It made me feel more secure, safer.

I told him that and questioned him about the idea of people being punished and others gaining enlightenment—the *kuṇḍalinī*. “Punishment is purification through fire,” he told me. “Enlightenment is knowing for certain that you are a spark from the All.”

“Punishment through fire?” I asked. “Hell, you mean?”

“Not exactly. That term served a purpose at one time,” he replied. “Now though, we are moving into new times. We must start to come at things differently. Fire changes one substance to another—so it suffices to be used as a metaphor.”

I had never quite believed in the concept of a hell where people go to burn for eternity—it made

no sense to me. But to hear it come from the mouth of Mr. R, and so surely, brought me great comfort.

“This is the lake of fire, and the punishment is forgetfulness,” he told me.

“What is the point of life?” I asked him.

He gave me a gentle smile and replied,
“Continuous movement. A perpetual motion of chaos to order.”

“How can a person best live their lives in respect to that theory?” I asked.

“It’s really simple—but not simple at all,” he said, now no longer smiling. “People must align their lives with the nature they witness around them. We have been given all the clues to what we must do.

“For example, look at the process of a star. It is born, and with enough order it is granted fusion. With enough stability, it goes on to burn heavier and heavier elements, until finally it explodes as a supernova, feeding the universe with the ingredients for life.

“But if the star has no stability, it dies young and is known as a brown dwarf—bringing forth no life.”

The message I had repeatedly heard over the last year had finally hit home for me. The reason for purifying the body and mind was to create order from the chaos that is the human being. And in doing so, we align ourselves with what nature shows us—a process of how to bring forth more life.

I sat there thinking about what Mr. Y had told me while showing me his fruit plants: I don't do it for consumption; I do it to understand reality, he had said. And I understood that now. Through watching nature's processes, we can understand how we should live.

As the sun dipped below the rooftops of Utrecht and the canals darkened into mirrors, we sat in a silence that didn't need to be filled. The scent of chamomile still lingered in the air, and I could hear the distant hush of a passing bicycle, as if the city itself were whispering its approval.

Before I left, he handed me a small stone he had found some years back whilst walking by the lake in spring. It was smooth and oval, in the shape of an egg. It had a natural etched spiral in its centre. He told me it was magnetite.

"Keep it," he said. "This type of stone is usually rough, but through time, the water has smoothed it.

And the spiral—etched by nature itself—was placed there for us to understand a great mystery.”

We stood in the doorway for a moment—a firm handshake, and a goodbye. And as I walked away beneath the early evening sky, something inside me had shifted. Not a grand epiphany. Not a blaze of revelation. But a quiet understanding—something gently realigning beneath the surface.

The kuṇḍalinī wasn’t just in stories anymore. It was in the soil of his windowsill herbs. In the pauses between his words. In the order blooming from his chaos.

And I wondered how many others, in cities like this one, in small apartments near quiet canals, were also tending something unseen.

Something sacred. Something eternal.

Interview Five

Numeral Language

MR. O- AUSTRALIA



The plane touched down in Melbourne, the sky a soft shade of grey as early morning mist drifted over the gum trees lining the edge of the city. Australia was everything I had imagined—vast and ancient, where modern life pressed up against wide open spaces and weather-worn earth. But more than the landscape, I had come for something else—kuṇḍalinī.

I had heard stories of the people—of their openness, directness, and quiet connection to something timeless. I was ready to see if those stories were true.

Mr. O met me just outside the arrivals area. He stood casually, hands tucked into his jacket pockets, a gentle smile on his face. He was tall,

with a calm, unassuming presence that put me at ease instantly.

“Welcome to Oz,” he said, offering a firm handshake. There was no pretence about him—just the ease of someone grounded in his place in the world.

We didn’t hang around. He drove us away from the airport and through the city, where the hum of urban life slowly faded into stillness. As the roads began to wind through hills and farmland, the landscape softened. The horizon stretched wide—rolling vineyards, open fields, and the occasional glimpse of the coast. His home, tucked into a quiet slope outside the city, was serene and open, with large windows framing the valley below.

Inside, the space was minimal but warm—clean lines, natural light, and a sense of thoughtful design that seemed less about aesthetics and more about energy. A space made for stillness.

He poured us tea—manuka, steeped slowly—and handed me a mug with a quiet nod. We took our seats on the porch, and for several minutes we just sat, sipping, watching the low clouds drift over the valley like thoughts that had no urgency to settle.

“You’re not here for answers,” he said eventually, his gaze still on the horizon. “You’re here because the light inside of you is getting stronger.”

I asked him when it all began—his journey into deeper consciousness, his experience with the energy he would later come to know as *kuṇḍalinī*. He didn’t rush his reply.

“I couldn’t give you an exact date,” he said. “But there was a period of a few years where I’d say... it began to be known. Around the age of thirty-nine, major changes started happening.”

Mr. O was fifty-five years old, though he looked closer to thirty-five. I’d noticed this before—almost all the individuals I interviewed appeared significantly younger than their age. I marked it down to healthy living. But part of me wondered if it was something more.

I asked him what happened in those early years. He described many of the patterns I had already noted in others, but one thread stood out—his relationship to numbers.

“I nearly lost my mind at the start,” he said, gripping his tea close to his mouth with both hands. “I started getting continuous pattern sequences of numbers everywhere I went. Angel numbers had

already entered the culture, so I knew other people believed in the idea. But for me? I had no background in that stuff. No interest. And then—boom! Suddenly I’m receiving messages everywhere I look.”

I recalled how, on the drive from the airport, his attention had seemed to wander—like he was seeing something that I couldn’t see. Now I wondered if those were the moments when the messages came through.

I asked how he decoded the meaning behind the numbers—after all, they were just digits on a screen, on a sign, in a notebook. He told me at first he asked inwardly. And that he’d written down what each sequence of numbers meant, referring back to his list like a student learning a new language. But after a while, the meanings became instinctual.

“It’s been so long now,” he said, “that it’s a language

I’m fluent in.”

I asked him for an example.

“Sure!” he said, smiling as he glanced at the notebook in my lap.

“Your book,” he said, pointing to the page my pen was resting on.

I looked down, confused. “What?”

He stood from his rocking chair, leaned over, and pointed to a number I had jotted down in the corner—a phone number, from a call earlier in the day.

“Do you see that? ‘777’—for me, that’s a message that something good is coming to me.”

“Huh?” I murmured.

Now back in his chair, his hands resting in his lap, he rocked gently with a subtle grin.

“Something good always follows the sevens,” he explained. “And the more sevens in a row, the bigger the event. But it’s always wisdom. Always understanding. Never money or material things. That’s not how it works.”

He went on to explain how not all numbers bring good news. Fives, for instance, were a sign that he needed to shift something in his life—his approach, his mindset.

I asked him whether he thought this kind of numeral language could work for everyone.

He nodded. “It will. The light inside all of us is crying out to be heard. The problem is, people intentionally choose to ignore it—because its voice is inconvenient to the life they’ve built.”

He was talking about virtuous living. That thread again. Every person I had interviewed so far had spoken of it—how they had overcome their vices. How they now stood, as if at the mouth of a cave, holding a lamp, quietly guiding others toward the light outside.

He was right. The modern world was buried under desire and indulgence. Pulling people out from under that rubble would be no easy task.

“So do you think numbers are a kind of language of the universe?” I asked.

“For me, they most certainly are,” he said, his tone now carrying a quiet certainty. “I feel the same way the Pythagoreans did.”

I nodded, recognising the reference. I had studied Pythagoras and his view that numbers were not just tools—but truths. Pure, symbolic echoes of a deeper reality. And in that moment, I felt as though a channel had opened—connecting me not just to Mr. O, but to that ancient lineage.

“So, what are they then, really?” I asked.

“I believe they’re the underlying code of this dimension,” he said. “And possibly of all dimensions within the All.”

That struck me. It echoed what Mr. H had told me back in Ireland. I didn’t interrupt. I let him flow.

He spoke of numbers as ancient symbols—each with a meaning, invisible to the untrained eye. He believed that the numeral system was a relic from a much older language—one that had survived every age of man. The symbols had stayed the same even as the tongues of the world changed around them.

After some time, he looked up and said, “Let me cook you something. You must be starving after all that travel.” He was right. I had been moving for nearly twenty-four hours. Thankfully, Mr. O had agreed to let me stay the night so I could catch an early flight the next morning.

We talked for hours that evening, and by the time I left at dawn, something in me felt subtly changed. At the airport, I passed on the coffee and ordered herbal tea instead. It was a small decision, but it marked the start of something new.

Something steady.

Something quietly burning.

Interview Six

Apocalypse

MR. P- AUSTRALIA



I had planned the trip with practicality in mind—to cross Australia back-to-back, saving on long-haul flights and making use of the time. But as often happens with travel, what began as pragmatic soon became profound. The east had been intense—crowded cities, sharp winds off the coast, and a man who spoke of symbols and codes with unnerving clarity. The west, I assumed, would offer relief. A soft landing.

I was wrong.

A three-hour restless flight into Broome, followed by a slow, sticky wait for my bags under humming fluorescent lights. But once outside, the land spoke differently. Red earth stretched to the horizon. Paperbark trees twisted in silent shapes, and the sky glowed in soft pastels that seemed to

suspend time itself. The air was dry and mineral-rich; each breath felt stripped down, essential.

I took a long, dusty drive inland, heading further from the coast, where the road narrowed and the landscape grew emptier. Towns thinned out until only roadhouses remained, and even the birds seemed quieter. My destination was a settlement tucked among ochre cliffs where the land folded gently into hidden gullies and ancient stone.

The man I'd come to see lived beyond the last track, down a rutted dirt road that vanished into scrubland. No signs. No fences. Just a rusted gate leaning sideways, a path worn through the red dust, and the faint sound of wind moving through dry grass. His home barely broke the landscape—part earth, part shelter. Timber, old iron sheets, and canvas stretched beneath the shade of ghost gums. Solar panels glinted quietly on the roof. A garden grew stubbornly in the hard soil. A carved serpent figure stood near the door, watching.

He greeted me barefoot; his face carved deep by sun and solitude. No words at first. Just a nod, and then he disappeared inside. I followed.

The space was cool and spare. Woven mats on clay floors. Shelves lined with weathered books and small bowls of seeds and ochre. A kettle murmured quietly on a small stove. From the open

doorway, the muted songs of desert birds drifted in, softened by distance and heat.

“I didn’t come here to be spiritual,” he said at last, sitting across from me. “I came here because the cities made me numb.”

I asked how he’d even contacted me—there was no way to get a signal out in this place. He told me he used the cafés in the nearby town anytime he needed internet access.

“How long have you been out here?” I asked.

“About seven years,” he replied. “I made a conscious decision to go off-grid. I wanted no signal. I craved the silence... so I could properly listen.”

“Listen?” I echoed, pausing my notes and making eye contact.

“Yes,” he said, nodding. “There’s music in the air.

Some people have the antenna to pick it up.”

“Some people?” I asked. “Those who’ve raised the kuṇḍalinī?”

“Well, yeah,” he said, though his tone suggested he wanted to rephrase. “But kuṇḍalinī is too cliché for the greatness I speak of.”

He went on to explain that the power within him was the very thing the ancient Greeks had referred to when they spoke of immortality. He claimed to drink that ancient elixir—the nectar of ambrosia. But when I pressed him for more, he cut the conversation short, saying that in ancient times, revealing such secrets could have gotten you killed.

We spoke at length about the ancient mystery schools—the Dionysian, Orphic, Mithraic, and Eleusinian mysteries. Their discipline. How their members lived a spiritually structured life.

Mr. P had a remarkably broad knowledge of ancient history. He was clearly a man who had gone deep—not just into solitude, but into study.

I brought the conversation back to silence. What, exactly, was he listening for?

“Messages,” he said. “From beyond this dimension.”

“From the ether?” I asked.

“Yeah, exactly,” he replied. “They come randomly, but with them comes great wisdom. A new way of thinking. A new idea. Motivation to create or learn. They’re a true blessing for those with ears to hear.”

“They aren’t words?” I asked.

“No—they come as a package. Like a zip file. And if you can pay enough attention to your life in the days and weeks that follow, the message becomes clear.”

He believed these messages were proof that life had purpose. That there was more. He kept referring to them as music.

Later, we spent time talking about the state of the world. He seemed to enjoy showing me how he would survive an apocalyptic event. He explained how his location was one of the safest places in the world—how those like him, who didn’t depend on outside systems, would be the ones to endure.

“Do you see something bad happening on Earth?” I asked.

“In the early days of my awakening, I was totally convinced,” he said. “But as that crazy surge of energy settled inside me, I started to think maybe it was symbolic—my world ending, not the world. It was dark for me back then. I really believed I was being prepared for the end times. That I was chosen to live on. To carry the sacred wisdom.”

Now, standing in his off-grid shelter, it all made sense. He had prepared himself for the worst—not out of fear or survivalist obsession, but because, for

a time, he believed it was his calling. His predestined duty.

As the sun was giving out the last of its rays for the day, we sat in silence on a small bench just outside his shelter, the scent of woodsmoke drifting through the air. The sky turned amber, then deepened into the blue of early night. There were no streetlights, no distant hum of traffic—only the hush of the bush, and the occasional cry of a bird returning to roost.

I thought about what he'd said—about messages from the ether, about music that only some could hear. About how the end of one world could simply be the beginning of another.

Before I left, he handed me a book as a gift. I looked at it and thanked him.

"I wrote this," he said. "It's a one-of-one. I wasn't sure why I wrote it... until today. You'll get something out of it. I'm sure of that."

I thanked him again, flipping through the first few pages out of a kind of caught-off-guard awkwardness. And there it was—on the very first page inside: the ouroboros. That image again. I smiled, said nothing.

With a handshake and a hug, I was gone.

That night, back in a small guesthouse near the edge of the forest, I lay awake listening to the stillness. No wind. No traffic. Just the subtle creaks of timber and the sound of my own breath. And beneath it all, I could feel something moving through me—not a revelation, not a teaching... just a quiet hum. Like a signal beneath the surface of things. Faint. But unmistakable.

Perhaps this was the music he spoke of.

Perhaps it was a frequency.

And perhaps... I was starting to hear it too.

UNIO



1.

The book I was given.

Unio-Oneness

Interview Seven

Spirit or Alien?

MR. N- AUSTRIA



The sky over Graz was pale and overcast, a soft winter light filtering through the clouds and onto the cobbled streets of the city centre. It was mid-morning and quiet—the kind of stillness that lingers in European cities just before the midday bustle begins. I stood waiting at a small bus stop near Jakominiplatz, watching trams hum past and cyclists weave their way through traffic.

He arrived on foot, with a slight smile and a relaxed gait, his hands tucked into the pockets of a weather-worn coat.

“Glad you found it,” he said with a nod, then motioned in the direction of his apartment. “It’s just around the corner—we’ll walk.”

The pace was slow and unhurried, the way locals move when they’ve lived in the same city for

years and nothing feels urgent. We crossed a narrow street and turned down a quieter lane, where ivy climbed the sides of old buildings and balconies overflowed with flowerpots—even in the colder months. He pointed out a bakery he liked, a corner bookstore he used to frequent—small details of a quietly-lived life.

His apartment wasn't far—a modest, second-floor flat in a building that had stood since the late 19th century. The stone stairwell echoed slightly as we climbed. Inside, the space was warm and unpretentious. Wooden floors. Well-used books. A few scattered sketches pinned to the walls. The windows looked out onto a quiet courtyard where a cat lounged on a sunwarmed windowsill.

There was a stillness to the place—a certain clarity. Everything had its place, not from strict order, but because nothing unnecessary had been allowed in. It felt like the kind of space someone had shaped slowly and intentionally—not for appearances, but for the way it made them feel to live there.

As we settled in and began to speak, I had the quiet sense that whatever had brought him to this point in life had more to do with letting go than with seeking something new.

He brewed tea the old way—no machine. Just a small pot with loose leaves on the stove, poured carefully through a ceramic filter. The smell filled the apartment, grounding the morning in something earthy and calm. He handed me a mug without ceremony and took his seat at the wooden table, worn smooth by time and use.

“I don’t talk about it often,” he said, his eyes lingering on the courtyard outside. “But I suppose if someone’s come all this way, they should hear the truth.”

He wasn’t referring to a secret. Just his experience—what he had come to understand as *kuṇḍalinī*.

“I’m doing this for future seekers of the truth,” he said. “It’s a frightening path to walk at the start. Even small bits of reassurance can help heal you.”

I didn’t yet understand what he meant, so I asked him to elaborate.

He told me how it had come upon him suddenly. And how he had no one to turn to. The people around him had misinterpreted it completely.

“They thought I was changing selfishly,” he said.

“And not in a good way.”

“When you turn your back on society’s norms,” he added, “society doesn’t accept it. I lost all my friends.

We ended up with nothing in common. Their life choices became a hindrance to the path I ended up on.”

I asked gently, “Do you feel lonely now?”

He looked directly into my eyes with what felt like absolute truth and said:

“I’m never alone.”

“How do you mean?” I asked.

“I have within me everything,” he said. “Much more than anything the material world can offer.”

That mirrored what others had told me—but few had spoken of it so clearly. So I pressed further.

He explained how something had come upon him while sitting beneath the sun. And from that moment, he believed he was no longer just one being.

“I’m two,” he said. “Two beings in one body.”

Baffled by the idea, I asked: “What kind of being is within you? Where did it come from? Does it have an appearance?”

With a gentle smile, he replied:

“To use words to describe such things seems silly. You could call it a spirit, an alien, or an entity. But how I like to think of it is—light. That light is a teacher for me.

Not just a teacher, but a part of me. I’m one with all.

Whole. And it’s all because I’ve brought that light upon me.”

“Kunḍalinī?” I asked.

“Yes, that’s it,” he replied.

I sat in quiet disbelief. He had used the word alien. And it made me wonder—maybe that’s what the term really meant all along. Not something external. But something metaphysical.

I asked him whether he spoke to this presence inside him. And whether, in the beginning, it made him feel crazy.

“Yes, I speak to it,” he said. “It’s more real to me than this conversation we’re having now. At the start, it was subtle—like a new voice inside me, saying: ‘Don’t do that. Don’t do this.’ It always guided me toward the better choice. Toward harmony.”

“Does it tell you other things?” I asked.

“I don’t have full-blown conversations like this,” he said. “No—I wish that was possible. It teaches me through symbols, through experiences. But yes, I do hear it. Especially when I’m tempted by vices.”

“Ah, like the devil on one shoulder and the angel on the other?” I said.

“Yeah, exactly. That’s a good metaphor for it,” he replied.

He spoke then of the ancient war—light versus dark. Not as mythology, but as something real and present in the human heart. He described the struggle as absurd, and yet entirely necessary. He told me it had taken years of pain to arrive at the place where he now lived—a state he called a virtuous life.

And then he said something that stayed with me.

“The only way out of the cycle of rebirth is to purify the body—and bring upon you the teacher.”

As he said that, I couldn’t help but rephrase it in my mind to: bring upon you the alien.

I left his apartment that evening and stepped into the dimming light of a winter afternoon, the quiet streets of Graz still hushed beneath the pale

sky. But something in me felt lighter. Brighter. I found myself turning inward more in the days that followed—less concerned with what was happening out there, more attuned to what was moving within.

And I must say... it brought a peace I hadn't known I was missing. A gentle balance I could feel settling into my bones.

It was as if a seed had been planted in me that day.

And though I couldn't yet name what it was,

I knew—

I would continue to nurture it to see if it would grow.

Interview Eight

Lust

MR. E- NORTHERN IRELAND

UK



The rain had settled into a light mist as I made my way through the city centre of Belfast. The sky hung low and grey—the kind of weather that seems stitched into the fabric of Northern Ireland itself. Bleak, but beautiful. As I stood waiting near the Albert Memorial Clock, the towering spire above me seemed to lean ever so slightly, mirroring the tilt of time that often accompanies these meetings.

He arrived with quiet presence—he was in his early forties but looked much younger. At forty-one, he was the youngest of all the people I had interviewed. Average height, thin, calm. A man whose confidence didn't announce itself but hovered gently around him, like the mist we walked through. His handshake was firm, his accent soft and local. There was no ceremony to

our introduction. Just two people, meeting at the crossing of ordinary paths, about to speak of extraordinary things.

We moved through the narrow streets of the city, brushing past stone buildings layered with stories and the occasional burst of traffic that reminded us the world was still turning. I had expected someone solitary. Perhaps a man who had stepped away from the noise of everyday life in search of silence. But within minutes, that image was gently undone.

He mentioned his wife. Then his young son, who was at school. A few words, but enough to shift something fundamental. There was a quiet warmth in the way he spoke about them—not sentimental, not for show. Just present. He hadn't renounced the world. He had remained in it, fully, raising a child and navigating the ordinary rhythm of daily life, while something much deeper stirred beneath the surface.

His house wasn't far. A modest red-brick terrace tucked just off a busy road. We stepped through a narrow gate and into a small front garden, where a plastic tricycle lay tipped on its side like a forgotten thought.

Inside, the home was humble, lived in. Soft lighting. Toys scattered about. The faint smell of toast still lingering in the air. It wasn't the place

one might imagine when thinking of spiritual awakening. But maybe that was the point.

There was no incense, no shelves lined with esoteric books. No curated image of the mystic. Just a man who had done real inner work—and continued to do so—between school runs and making dinner.

What struck me most was how rooted he was. Not just in the physical sense, but emotionally and spiritually. He hadn't escaped life to reach transcendence. He had allowed the transcendence to bloom within the life he already had. And somehow, right here in the grey mist of Belfast, in a home pulsing with the ordinary, he had found something quietly extraordinary.

We sat at the kitchen table, mugs of strong tea between us. The low hum of the washing machine filled the room, steady as a mantra. A child's drawing of a rainbow clung to the fridge, wild and colourful in thick marker strokes. A basket of white laundry waited on a chair. It was domestic life in its rawest form. And yet, there was stillness here. A calm that lived not apart from the chaos, but within it.

“When it first began,” he said, “I had to cling onto this reality tightly. Without my wife to ground

me, I dread to think how I would have pulled through.”

“Was there a big moment of awakening?” I asked. “No, I couldn’t place it as one day or another but a period of time,” he replied.

This, too, was familiar. A pattern across each story I had heard: the absence of a clear dividing line. No lightning bolt. No singular “before” or “after.” Only a long unfolding—a shift that rose and fell in intensity, and which, in hindsight, marked a rebirth.

He explained how years of purifying his body and mind had led him to the edge of something—something final. A threshold.

“What was it?” I asked.

He paused, glancing toward a framed photo of his wife on the cabinet.

“Semen retention,” he replied.

I looked up from my notes, caught off guard. It was the first time I’d heard that response—and surprisingly, it had come from the only person I’d interviewed who was married.

“Can you explain?” I asked.

“Sure,” he said, his voice tinged with hesitation. “I read the book *Think and Grow Rich* by Napoleon Hill, and in it there’s a section on semen retention. The book says that if you withhold from expelling that energy, it can be transmuted into creative energy. At the time, I was focused on expanding my wealth, so I gave the method a try. It was probably one of the most difficult things I’ve done. The sexual urges I had were intense—being around a female—my wife, with whom I had always had a healthy sex life—was very difficult. I couldn’t even hug her without being tormented from within. I stuck it out and reached thirty days. It was within that time period that major changes started happening within my body. I started having visions whilst meditating and experiencing lights of different colours. I would see an eye staring at me when my eyes were closed.”

“Was this the start of it?” I asked.

“I don’t think that was the start of it. I believe it was a process long before that,” he said.

He told me about his addiction to pornography—one that had persisted even whilst maintaining an active sex life with his wife. He believed it was rooted in something physiological as much as psychological. When I asked how he knew, he explained that his testosterone levels had been consistently flagged as extremely high during

routine blood work over the years. It was a detail he mentioned casually, but it seemed to cast a longer shadow over everything else.

“I had overcome all the other vices leading up to that,” he said. “I would regularly fast from food, had quit alcohol, had mastered the mind through meditation. So, unknowingly, the final hurdle was my addiction to sexual gratification.”

We spoke about his sex life at present. He told me that it was nearly non-existent, and that he no longer had any desire for the flesh—that he had completely overcome the want of sexual pleasure. I glanced at the photo of his wife again. She was beautiful. And yet, he had chosen to leave that part of himself behind.

“You don’t allow yourself to feel love now?” I asked.

His tone changed slightly. “No, no!” he replied immediately. “You don’t understand love if you think sex has anything to do with it. The term love must be used in its purest sense, as it’s the highest term we’ve given to an expression that was gifted to us.”

He spoke of society’s misuse of sex. The rise of pornography. The addiction to pleasure. And the disguised control it exerts.

“It’s simple,” he told me. “Stop doing something that you regularly do, and you will see how much power it has over you.”

He spoke of how his mind had once been filled with thoughts of sex—of other women—without him even realising how deeply he was entangled.

“We must be in control,” he said. “Masters of our mind. Then we will inherit the keys to the kingdom—the keys to ourselves.”

He spoke like a philosopher, but not one who lived in abstraction. His words were earned, tested, lived.

Still, I needed to ask about his present. How he held it all together. Because surely, this shift would shake the foundation of any marriage.

“So, your wife is okay about all this?” I asked.

He exhaled slowly and looked at her photo again.

“Not one bit,” he replied. “This has been very difficult for her. The man she married died, and the one that replaced him is the opposite of what she had.”

His tone shifted to one of quiet sorrow. And in that moment, I felt a deep empathy—for both of

them. This journey, whatever its heights, came at a cost.

He explained how she didn't understand it, and how it had caused a rift between them. Yet he spoke of her with reverence. She had stayed. She had endured. Their sex life wasn't gone entirely—occasionally, he said, it happened to preserve their marriage. But the force that once ruled him had lost its control.

He remained, now stronger, as a guide. A protector. For her. For their son.

“On paper I've lost a lot,” he said. “But in reality, I've won.”

“Won?” I asked, lifting my eyes from my notes.

“Yes, I've won life,” he said.

I nodded slowly, chewing the top of my pen. Trying to feel what he meant.

We spoke for a while longer. I filled my notebook with words that mirrored those of the others I had interviewed. But there was something in this meeting—something more raw, more real. The paradox of gain and loss had never been clearer.

I met his wife and son. They were warm, generous. They invited me to stay for dinner, but I had a flight to catch.

I left Belfast with mixed emotions. There was beauty in what I had seen, but also a lingering grief.

The awakening of kuṇḍalinī changes a person so deeply that they find the strength to transcend every human desire—even at the cost of those they hold dear.

And I was reminded of that old scripture:

For what does it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his soul?

Interview Nine

Astrology

MR. U- USA



The airport was a typical American sprawl—wide corridors echoing with footsteps, fluorescent lights casting a sterile glow, and the faint scent of fried food hanging in the air like static. I found him just outside the arrivals gate, leaning against a pillar in a denim jacket and worn boots, his car keys twirling in his hand. He nodded, offered a small smile. The kind of greeting that didn't need to say much.

We didn't linger. Outside, the air was clean and sharp, the sky stretched pale across the flat horizon. We climbed into his pickup—a dusty old Ford that wore its age like a second skin—and pulled onto the road. The city evaporated quickly. Fast food signs and strip malls gave way to two-lane roads, open fields, and barns that leaned like they were bowing to time.

He didn't say much on the drive. His silence wasn't awkward—it was calm, self-contained. The kind of quiet that invites you into stillness, rather than pulling you out of it. We watched the landscape roll past, unhurried. After a while, we turned down a road lined with bare trees, and he pointed ahead.

“That’s me.”

His home sat low to the earth—a modest, single-story place with a wraparound porch and an old swing hanging from a tree out front. Just beyond the backyard fence, through a break in the oaks, I noticed the gentle rise of a small cemetery. Weathered headstones leaned against the grass, half-swallowed by time.

“That’s been there since the 1800s,” he said, not looking at it. “Used to be a church nearby, but it’s gone now.”

There was something profound about that detail. Living beside the dead. Sharing daily life with reminders of impermanence. But he didn't seem burdened by it. If anything, it grounded him.

Inside, the house was quiet. Wooden floors, shelves of books stacked in unbalanced towers, the kind of interior shaped by solitude, not loneliness. He moved through the space naturally and handed

me a mug of tea like we were old friends. That graveyard, so close to the back door, just felt like part of the story—another layer of presence woven into the silence.

We sat on the porch as the day unraveled, mugs in hand. The light fell golden across the fields, soft and unhurried. The silence that followed wasn't empty. It had weight and texture—the gentle creak of the boards, the rustle of dry leaves, the distant cry of a hawk beyond the trees. It was the kind of silence that doesn't fill space but opens it. The kind that teaches you to listen.

“I never planned on staying out here,” he said eventually, eyes scanning the horizon. “Thought I'd be somewhere else by now. But then... I awakened to the realisation that your surroundings aren't ever your home—you are your home. And it's your responsibility to keep it clean and comfortable.”

I asked him when it happened—when the shift took root—and what had changed.

He told me it had been about seven years ago. A gradual, relentless change that unfolded in his late thirties and rewrote everything.

“When it happens, the world becomes a very dark place,” he said. “You gain new eyes and ears,

and what they see is the grime that we call life. What you hear makes your skin crawl. I struggled bad in the adjusting period.”

“Is it a necessary part of it—struggle?” I asked.

“I believe so, yes,” he replied. “We must be cleansed of our ways and wakened to the truth.”

I asked what he meant by what he heard—what made his skin crawl. He told me it was in the voices of everyday life, the casual chatter, people’s obsession with trivialities. It became unbearable. Simple small talk became as painful as fingernails down the chalkboard to him. And as he tried to rise above judgment, he found himself more aware of how deeply embedded judgment was—how subtle, how automatic.

Ads on the radio. Conversations on the street. Headlines. It was all a noise that was too far from the truth. He kept referring to it as people living in ignorance.

“Everyone is in the job of sales,” he said. “Take a random occurrence of meeting an old friend in the street. Both of you put on a big smile, no matter how you’re feeling inside—why? Because we are selling a version of ourselves that we want to leave as an impression. Or even our conversations with each other, always trying to pitch an ideology. And

the worst about it is we don't even realise our opinions and ideologies have been programmed into us by another. Humans are ridiculous creatures."

I nodded. There was truth in his words. I'd often thought similar things.

"The blind leading the blind," I said.

"Right," he replied.

We spoke at length about human psychology and behaviour. He had clearly spent years observing it, not from a textbook, but from within his own transformation. What struck me most was not just his insights—but the cost of carrying them.

He told me how he didn't think he'd survive the transition. Not in a metaphorical sense, but a very real one. His body had begun rejecting even the most basic functions. He told me he developed a strange swallowing problem—he couldn't even manage his own saliva.

To hear it spoken aloud, it sounded like a form of mental illness. But he insisted it was part of the same inner force that brought healing to his every wound. The same fire that burned away his illusions was also stitching him back together.

We stayed on the porch until dusk became night. I had arranged in advance to stay the night, catching an early flight the next morning.

As the stars appeared in the sky above us, our conversation drifted toward astrology. Few of the others I had met had touched on the subject, but for Mr. U, astrology was a field of study that filled his days and nights.

He told me how the movement of celestial bodies could determine a person's fate—and how this was visible to the trained eye through the careful study of natal charts.

He told me he never used the chart readings for his life. When I asked why not, he replied with two words, "Personal reasons." I didn't press him. Something in his tone—flat but final.

When I brought up horoscope readings and the modern interpretations of astrology, he shook his head and said, "Don't listen to that garbage. Few on Earth truly understand the workings of reality."

I pressed him for specifics, but he gave little away, saying there was a reason why he had been given the knowledge—and a reason why it could not be freely shared.

What he did say, though, was that my age meant Neptune was having a profound impact on my life.

“A massive change,” he told me. And he was right—the changes unfolding within me and around me were staggering.

Still, I wasn’t fully convinced that planets were the cause. When I voiced this doubt, he explained how it wasn’t the physical planet exerting a pull on us, but the force it asserted through the etheric realm.

That if we ever hoped to understand life, we must first awaken to the truth that reality stretches far beyond the material world.

It amazed me how easily he pointed out each constellation in the sky, weaving their ancient stories—tales of how they came to be.

He said, “Man can understand the unfolding process—the one you’re here to talk about—through the stories so beautifully crafted by our ancestors. The Bible called it the seasons. Man must find his spring in this lifetime. To find life, he must first bring an end to his winter.”

He spoke with real enthusiasm, especially when it came to the North Star, Polaris.

He explained how we were living within a great window of opportunity—how we had returned to the beginning of a 25,800-year cycle. And with it, he said, came the chance for humanity to rise.

The rest of the evening passed in quiet conversation—philosophy, psychology, and the strange road between who we are and who we become. Mr. U spoke with the clarity of someone who had paid for his wisdom in full, and now held it gently, without ego.

He told me that he believed the sons of the living one chose to endure the pain of the world before awakening to truth. And it was in that pain that they understood man's grief and struggles. That it put them in a position to be of help.

Before heading to bed, I asked why he wasn't out in the world, doing this work publicly—teaching, guiding, counseling. He shook his head with a small smile.

“The ones that need my help,” he said, “will be the readers of this interview.”

I didn't say much after that. There was nothing more to add.

The next morning, I left before sunrise. The fields were silver with frost, and the bare trees reached into a sky just beginning to soften. As his house disappeared in the rearview mirror, I couldn't help but feel like I was leaving a kind of sacred ground—not because of where it was, but because of what had been faced there.

Mr. U hadn't climbed a mountain to find truth.
He had stood still, while the mountain moved
through him.

Interview Ten

Manifesting

MR. M- ENGLAND

UK



The streets of London buzzed with energy as I made my way through the city's dynamic sprawl. The hum of conversation, the constant movement of people, and the chatter of passing trains seemed to pulse with the rhythm of modern life. It was amidst this chaos that I was meeting a man who had somehow carved out a life of quiet purpose, one that centered around his claim of awakening kuṇḍalinī.

He lived in a modest flat in East London, in an area where the old meets the new—a mix of industrial buildings, trendy cafés, and quiet residential streets. His flat was sparse but comfortable, with bookshelves lined with spiritual texts and the soft glow of candles illuminating the

room. The city noise filtered through the windows, but inside, there was a sense of stillness that felt rare amidst the urban rush.

Instead of retreating, he chose to endure his shift in reality right where he had always been—amidst the city’s constant noise and motion. His path to awakening transformed him from a man of wants and needs into one of solitude and introspection. He learned to find stillness in a world that never stopped moving. His experience of *kuṇḍalinī* was a quiet untangling of the mind’s wiring—personal, and profoundly life-altering.

As I sat with him, his words were measured, thoughtful, as he described how he had integrated this awakening into his daily life. In the heart of a city that never sleeps, he had found a way to reconnect with his inner self, to awaken something deep within that resonated with the pulse of life all around him.

He spoke of it not as an escape from the world, but as a return to it.

“At first,” he said, “I thought I was leaving everything behind—my career, my ambitions, my identity. But in truth, I was just clearing the space to see what was really mine.”

“So, you didn’t lose anything?” I asked.

“Well, you lose everything in a sense,” he said. “But after some time, you understand what happened—it’s all for your benefit. I still have the same job. I live in the same flat. My friends are still in my life. My ambitions changed massively, though. In the early days, it was a fight to hold everything together, because you feel like you should leave it all behind. But that’s the kuṇḍalinī—teaching you that none of these things are who you really are. Over time, though, you realise something deeper: you were placed in these roles, these jobs, these situations... for a reason. Not to run from them, but to be taught by them—to glorify the All through them.”

I pressed him on what he meant—I didn’t quite understand.

He explained that no matter what we’re doing, it’s right for us in that moment. Even the things we label as bad can be tools for the spirit to work through. He gave an example—someone who struggles with anger. It may have caused harm and destruction in their life, but if they’re later healed of it through the kuṇḍalinī process, that transformation becomes a form of worship. A living testament to the divine working within.

“So do you think that’s the reason for all the struggle in the world?” I asked. “A kind of built-in program for realising the All?”

“Correct,” he said. “When it happens to you, it’s profound—because you know you couldn’t have changed that part of yourself. You know, without question, that you received help—because you felt it working within you. And it always comes during a time of deep inner transmutation. A purging of everything toxic you once thought to be normal.”

He went on to tell me about the changes that had unfolded in his life.

“When it hit me, I suddenly became aware that my reality was a manifestation of my thoughts. It was overwhelming at first. I even had panic attacks at work. But somehow, I got through those early days—and that alone is testament to the spirit within me, which brought me peace whenever I called upon it.”

“So, you believe we create our world through thought?” I asked, intrigued.

“I’m not sure if everyone does,” he said. “But I know that I do. I think the Reticular Activating System switches on when that energy reaches a certain amplitude in the body. You gain the access code to become a programmer. But getting the keys... it’s the most frightening thing in the world. Because it shatters your old worldview. You go from feeling like nothing to feeling like a god—almost instantly.”

He admitted that he had struggled deeply with the feeling that everyone around him might be a projection of his own mind. Sometimes, he said, he still had doubts about the nature of reality. But he found comfort knowing that others were going through the same thing.

When I asked how he used this ability to manifest, he was clear.

“I only use it in service of the All,” he said. “You don’t get given the keys until you’ve been through the fire. All your personal desires and attachments have to be stripped away. Otherwise, if you try to use that power selfishly, it will destroy you.”

He described this reality as a divine system designed to bring us into the light. A structure made of opposites—ultimately distilled into two: light and dark. It is in these contrasts, he said, that we come to see the Almighty. To be healed of affliction awakens love for that which healed us. And to know—without a doubt—that we are created, held, and guided... that, he said, is true wealth.

“Everything is light and dark,” he said, making gentle hand gestures as he spoke. “Both are necessary. Both are sacred.”

There was an elegance in the way he expressed himself. A softness. I found myself thinking how he could have been a great teacher or leader. And I'd thought that before—about many of the people I'd interviewed. That society was missing something crucial by not elevating these voices. I put this to him, curious to hear his thoughts.

“There will come a day when mankind rises enough that the desire for over-consumption falls away,” he said. “And when that day comes, many great sages will be pushed to the forefront of civilisation. Then the world will change faster than it ever has before. People will know a peace that is almost unimaginable to the man of today's age. We will build great monuments again, like the pyramids and statues from the predynastic period.”

He described that future so beautifully—a world led by those in service to the light. A civilisation reshaped by wisdom instead of greed. I sat with tears in my eyes, quietly overwhelmed. We are blind, I thought. We go to war with our brothers. We destroy what we don't understand. We are ruled by our own fragmented natures.

But I forced my thoughts to shift back to the future he described.

“Worry not,” he further reassured me, noticing the distorted look upon my face. “Remember what

I said: even the things we call bad are tools. Instruments for the great spirit of truth. Through darkness, we recognise the light. Through struggle, we are made strong. That's how healing is recognised—by knowing what it feels like to be wounded.”

I was beginning to understand. Opposites were necessary, essential for an existence to be experienced. His way of seeing the world had shifted something in me. If my thoughts shaped my reality, then harbouring visions of a broken, evil world only gave that vision a home inside me. But if I could think of this world as a teacher—as a sculptor of the soul—then maybe I could stop judging it altogether. Because when you break it down to its bones, who am I to judge a reality I barely understand?

I had spent the entire day speaking with Mr. M. We had covered everything—spirit, thought, struggle, light. He left a mark on me. Not a scar, but a signature. One that I would carry forward in my own quiet ways.

As I stepped out into the night, the London streets felt different. Lighter somehow. The noise was still there, the movement, the pulse of the city—but I walked through it with more grace than before.

I crossed the river, notebook in hand, the hum of the city pulsing beneath my feet.

Home wasn't my next stop, as the faint sound of yodelling from the Swiss Alps was calling me in to tell of their wisdom.

Interview Eleven

Wisdom

MR. A- SWITZERLAND



The small city of Lucerne, nestled between the lake and the surrounding mountains, was a place of serene beauty. The cobbled streets wound their way past medieval buildings, and the air, crisp and cool, carried the scent of pine from the nearby forests. The majestic Alps loomed in the distance, their snow-capped peaks casting a tranquil shadow over the city, where life moved at a slower pace than in the larger Swiss cities.

The man I was meeting had made Lucerne his home many years ago, drawn by the peaceful surroundings that mirrored his own journey inward. He lived in a modest apartment tucked away in one of the quieter corners of the city, a place where the bustle of daily life seemed distant, even though the city centre was only a short walk away. His apartment was simple yet filled with books and

small reminders of his path—stones from the mountains, incense, and a few well-loved spiritual texts.

He had turned his back on a conventional life long ago, finding himself drawn instead to the teachings of meditation, yoga, and the inner work that had become his focus.

In Lucerne's quieter corners, he had created a life that reflected his inner journey—one of stillness amidst nature, of mindfulness in every moment. The peaceful rhythms of the small city seemed to mirror the calm he had cultivated within, offering him the space to continue his personal transformation with clarity and purpose.

We sat by the window, the lake shimmering faintly through the glass as the afternoon sun filtered in. He moved slowly, not out of frailty, but care—like every motion was a conscious act. There was a softness to him, a kind of humility that didn't announce itself but quietly permeated the space. After some silence, he spoke.

"What have you come here hoping to hear?" he asked.

The question caught me off guard. I was the one supposed to be asking the questions. I told him I wanted to understand the mystical kuṇḍalinī.

"Hmmm," he replied, staring out the window.

Mr. A, at seventy-three, was the oldest of those I had interviewed—and it was easily apparent in his mannerisms. He moved at his own pace, unhurried and deliberate, carrying the kind of peace that only comes with time. Every sentence he spoke felt carefully considered, and every sentence I spoke seemed to pass through multiple filters before he responded.

“Kuṇḍalinī,” he said with a deep breath. “I do like that term. I enjoy the ancient words. And the imagery attached—it’s wonderful.”

“What is the kuṇḍalinī to you, Mr. A?” I asked, looking up from my notes.

Holding his hands together and smiling, he looked directly into my eyes and replied, “It is life, my friend.”

“How can others obtain this life?” I asked. “Non-attachment,” he said immediately, in a tone that suggested I should have already known the answer. “A man must overcome the world by finding the treasure within. That treasure will save him from death.” I pressed him further on the idea of non-attachment. He spoke of how fear keeps people locked into the misery of clinging—to things, to people, to identities. A lack of knowledge, he said, a lack of wisdom, is the greatest mistake a person can make.

Lifting his mobile phone, he held it out in front of him and said, “Look—a library.”

He explained that people no longer had an excuse for their ignorance. That anyone, anywhere, now had the ability to knock at the door of wisdom. And, he made it clear, wisdom would never turn away a true seeker.

“It affects me deeply,” he said, a sorrowful look spreading across his face. “The people of the world have no idea what they’re doing. They are being consumed... while consuming. They must go within and shut out the noise. Go within and find peace. That peace becomes a lamp, a light to guide them out of the dark caves of attachment.”

“Why do some people find it so difficult to meditate? To just sit with their thoughts?” I asked.

“Because their bodies and minds aren’t clean,” he replied, his voice rising in pitch. “If you’re drinking five cups of coffee a day, how could you expect your mind to deal with no stimulation?”

I sat there, quietly thankful I had recently given up my caffeine addiction. But his next point steadied me right back in my place. He went on to explain how the modern, all-go lifestyle makes it incredibly difficult for the mind to adjust to stillness—to a sense of nothing.

“We are too stimulated,” he said, his voice rising slightly. “It is a necessary pain for humanity.”

I asked him what he meant by necessary pain. He explained that the progress of technology was a gift to the human being—it had allowed us to reach new heights scientifically and brought us closer to the universe. He spoke of the development of the web as one of the best things that could have happened to a world full of people with diverse cultures and languages.

“We can understand each other better now,” he said. “We have access to all the religions of the world—we’re no longer forced to believe only what our environment tells us.”

“May I know your opinion on religion?” I asked.

“Necessary,” he replied. “Without them, where would we be?” He paused for a moment, gazing out the window in deep thought before continuing. “All of them come from an ancient source—created carefully by sages, men of great wisdom. Blessings to the human race. The division we see on Earth today is a stupidity... one that will eventually be corrected.”

“Corrected how?” I asked.

“There is a rhythm to this reality,” he said. “A wavelike pattern that plays out in all things. It’s easily observable in the smallest of things to the largest. So, then just as we have experienced a period of division, what shall follow will be a time of union.”

“Do you know how this will come about?” I asked eagerly.

“Unfortunately, through pain,” he said.

I swallowed hard as he went on to explain that people have pushed so far in one direction that to coursecorrect would require changes far beyond their current scope of tolerance. It wasn’t the dramatic, apocalyptic prediction I had half-expected—but I couldn’t help but notice how much it resembled the internal process that he and the others I’d interviewed had all gone through. And in that sense, they were far better prepared for a massive cultural shift than the majority of humanity.

He spent some time educating me on the cyclical rise and fall of civilisations throughout history, but I didn’t need much convincing. It all made total sense to me. I had already begun to notice patterns like these. Just recently, I’d been studying charts showing the consistent arrival of Earth’s ice ages—roughly every 120,000 years. The theory, known as the Milankovitch cycles, was

named after the Serbian scientist Milutin Milankovitch, who hypothesised the long-term collective effects of changes in Earth's position relative to the Sun.

I quizzed Mr. A on this theory.

He replied, "Yes," while pointing to the oscillating wave pattern he had sketched for me earlier. "I'm aware of such findings. Do I believe it? Well, yes—it's certain we're heading for another ice age. No scientifically minded person would argue against that. The real question is when. I believe it will come sooner than the later dates I've heard predicted by professionals—those who claim that because we've raised CO₂ levels, we've simply kicked the can down the road."

We went on to speak in depth about how these ice ages might begin, tossing around theories from volcanic eruptions to asteroid impacts to nuclear winter. But after a while, our conversation gently circled back to where it had previously been—on the subject of non attachment.

I asked him, "Does non-attachment lead to freedom?"

"Yes," he said, with a certainty in both his tone and body language. "When the end of your days in this mortal vehicle arrives, it is non-attachment that will comfort you and stay by your side. Your loved

ones—no matter how dear—will become an anchor, bringing pain. Pain in leaving them, pain in knowing you might hurt them by your absence.

“But non-attachment, if practiced in life, will bring you peace in those final moments. You will have already separated yourself from the fear of loss. And if that practice was sufficient, you will have gained the Helper—the presence within. With that comes no fear of being alone. You will be eagerly awaiting the next chapter of your journey, with open arms and an open heart.”

I felt that was the right place to leave it. I stood, thanked Mr. A for his time and left with the distinct impression that few had been given the privilege I had just experienced.

On my way home, I reflected on what he had said about patterns of opposites playing out. I thought about the ways of modern life and began to consider society’s obsession with material wealth. If Mr. A was right, then we were heading toward a future where material things would no longer hold the value we place on them today. What a different world that would be, I thought.

That thought was quickly followed by another—how such a shift might align with the reversal of division. But then, fear vibrated within me like a train. My mind conjured the idea that perhaps the only way humanity could reach a place of unity

and detachment from materialism would be through a catastrophic event on Earth.

Catching myself, I recalled what I had learned from Mr. M in the UK. I paused, took a breath, and deliberately rewrote the story in my mind—this time imagining a world not devastated by disaster, but transformed by a global wave of enlightenment.

As the plane rocked gently beneath me, I looked out at the fading light over the Swiss countryside. I thought of Mr. A sitting by his window, calm and unmoved by the speed of the world outside. I understood now—he wasn't waiting for the world to change. For he had changed, and that change everything.

I leaned back, closed my eyes, and let the thought settle deep within me.

If I change, I change the world.

Interview Twelve

Recluse

MR. T- BASQUE COUNTRY



It was my second visit to the Basque region of Spain. The first two interviews I had conducted back-to-back, but this third one brought me back months later. By then, the land felt more familiar. Because I spoke fluent Spanish, it made navigating the winding roads and remote villages easier than in some of the other countries I'd visited. But beyond language, there was something about the Basque landscape that had begun to settle inside me—like a memory I hadn't lived, only inherited.

The countryside here is truly breathtaking. Green hills unfolded in soft, quiet waves beneath a vast sky, pastures stretching out like a living tapestry. Stone cottages nestled into the earth, not imposing, but absorbed—weathered and rooted, as though they had always belonged. It felt timeless. Sacred.

My destination was a small village on the outer edge of the region, where life moved to a rhythm far slower than the hum of Bilbao. Time here was different. Less linear. More like a spiral. It was in this quiet place—amongst ancient oaks and grazing sheep—that I met a man whose kuṇḍalinī journey felt inseparable from the land itself.

His house was like the others in the area: built from stone and wood, blending effortlessly with the earth around it. Inside, it was humble—bare wooden floors, the gentle crackle of a fire in the hearth, and a quiet presence that spoke more than any decoration could. A few Basque artefacts adorned the walls, hinting at ancestry rather than aesthetic.

There was no sense of performance here. No spiritual persona. No curated identity. Everything—from the simplicity of the space to the quiet weight of his gaze.

He greeted me with a nod more than a smile. His eyes were steady—not unkind, just unaccustomed to visitors. Without a word, he stepped aside and motioned me in. The door creaked as I entered, and the space felt less like a home and more like a refuge.

There were no distractions. No television. No radio. A kettle warmed on the cast iron stove, and

the only sounds were the slow breath of the fire and the distant call of sheep echoing across the hills. He poured two cups of tea in silence and handed one to me before sitting in a worn chair by the window. It was the kind of chair that had learned the shape of a man over time.

He had lived here alone for nearly twenty years. No family. No pets. No car. No interest in the pleasures of modern life. I asked if he ever felt isolated.

He looked out the window for a long while before answering.

“No,” he said finally. “Only invisible. And that’s different.”

He hadn’t meant to become a recluse. The world had simply become too loud, too fast, too disconnected from what he said was the truth. He spoke of the forest behind his house as a teacher. Of the seasons as scripture. His practice wasn’t formal—there was no posture, no chanting. He walked. He watched. He listened. He felt.

“That force you call kuṇḍalinī is a lot,” he said. “Not something I summoned. More like something that had been waiting... until I finally shut up.”

What followed wasn’t ecstatic bliss. It was dismantling. A slow unraveling of who he thought

he was. A couple of years of physical discomfort. Emotional purging. Dreams that spoke in riddles. He didn't see doctors. Didn't seek advice.

"They would have told me something was wrong," he said, "when really, everything was finally becoming right."

He had learned to trust the body. To trust the land. When the energy rose, he gained insight. When it burned, he endured it.

"There were nights I thought it would kill me," he said. "But then I realised... it was killing what wasn't me."

What struck me, again, as with many of the others I'd interviewed, was their capacity—and even desire—for solitude. I pressed him on it, asking whether it ever became too much.

"Never," he said. "Not for one moment are we by ourselves. But it's what we must strive for—to be alone. Because when we leave the body on our day of expiry, there will be none of the familiar faces there to lean on. So we must come to terms with that now."

I asked him if he had any desires left.

"Only to do the work of the one who sent me," he said.

This was a shared thread between nearly everyone I had spoken with. But it was Mr. T who gave me the most clarity.

“On Earth there are many asleep,” he said, his voice steady. “No idea of who or what they are. Society pushes them into the mud while laughing, because of their ignorance. It’s those people I work for. In the shadows, I create texts—articles on the internet. I put out books under various pen names. The goal is to help them remember.”

This caught me off guard. It didn’t even look like Mr. T had access to a computer, let alone the internet. But he explained that once someone awakens—and fully purges the illusions of the world—they’re left with a clear knowing of what must be done. The same spirit that led them to freedom begins to work through them for others.

“We are tools,” he said. “Vessels. The spirit does the work. Words—words can be used as a spark to ignite the fuel within.”

I asked him to share an example of something he had written.

“Well,” he said, smiling and nodding toward the notes in my lap, “I don’t have to go far.”

It was in that moment I understood something. These interviews for the eighteen were not about recognition.

Not about fame or ego or being seen. These people had let me into their lives for one reason: to place a message into the world. A seed. A spark. A breadcrumb on the path for those still walking in the dark.

“When I was walking through the darkness of the valleys of truth,” he said, “I sought out help in the form of a guru, but none was to be found. Then I realised something: in this age we have the ultimate tool, the internet. No more does the human need to be born into a location of a monastery or some secret society. The words are everywhere now. The neophyte has unlimited tools at his disposal. It can be frightening and bewildering in those early days of metamorphosis. But a single line of text can be a healing remedy.”

I agreed with him. It was, in truth, the reason I was here. I had been pulled toward this work for years before the first interview began—something persistent, tugging at my coat.

When I shared that with him, he smiled.

“My friend, that is the great spirit working within you. It’s guiding us all. It’s the reason we

have anything of virtue on this Earth. Once you have gained eyes to see and ears to hear, you see it and hear its works everywhere. And best of all—you are no longer a passive part of the story. You gain awareness of your activity.”

“Evolution?” I asked, looking up from my notes.

“Yes,” he said with a quiet grin.

Pieces began to fall into place. Puzzle fragments I hadn’t even known were missing started to form a picture. According to all those I interviewed, there is a force—a great force—working in the ether, guiding humanity toward a height we cannot yet imagine. But it was Mr. T who helped me feel it, not just understand it as theory.

He spoke of the content he had quietly placed into the world—Wikipedia entries, anonymous blogs, articles woven into the digital current.

“The truth,” he said, “must be preserved. It’s a chain that must not be broken.”

I left that interview with a different view of the internet. It was no longer just a web of clutter and noise, not a distraction that I had over the years started to call it. It had become something else entirely—a carrier of sacred data. The new monastery. The new scroll. The Trojan horse of the

spirit. It was the seed vault of awakening, placed into the very hands of humanity.

The evolution had moved from tribe, to monastery, to the spread of the word by foot, boat, plane, by printing press, by television—and now, it had reached its pinnacle: a super-mind. A global memory field. A worldwide web of consciousness.

On my flight home, as I typed up my notes on my laptop, I noticed a sketch on the side of the page—something I must have drawn absentmindedly while listening.

I often sketched during interviews; it helped me stay present, gave my mind just enough to do so it could listen more clearly. Usually it was a tree, a house, a face—familiar shapes my memory could conjure without effort.

But this time, it was a hammer.

I stared at it for a while, puzzled. A hammer? I had no memory of choosing to draw it.

And yet, as I read through my notes from Mr. T, the word tool surfaced in my mind like a stone breaking the surface of still water.

Tool.

Suddenly, the image made perfect sense.

And with it came a flutter in my chest—like butterflies, but deeper. A visceral recognition.

Was I a tool for this force too?

Had I already been claimed by it, without knowing?

In that moment, something deep in my abdomen moved. I looked up and breathed into my solar plexus what felt like energy.

“Thank you,” I said, unaware of who I was even communicating with.



Hammer sketch.

Interview Thirteen

Music

MR. I- BRAZIL



Brazil was unlike any place I'd visited so far. From the moment I stepped off the plane in Manaus, the heat wrapped around me like a second skin. The air was thick—not just with humidity, but with life. Cicadas hummed, birds called, and even the silence felt alive. I wasn't here for beaches or samba. I was here for something older. Something hidden.

I had been invited deep into the Amazon basin, where a man known by the locals as mestre had built a small retreat center on the edge of the forest. There was no website, no phone number, no reviews, just an email address.

Reaching him required a riverboat, a motorbike, and finally a long hike through red earth trails swallowed by green. As I walked, I wondered what

the jungle might reveal—not just through Mr. I, but through itself.

He met me just beyond the clearing. Shirtless, barefoot, lean as a branch, his presence was still and grounded. “Welcome,” he said in soft Portuguese, motioning for me to sit under a palm-thatched shelter. No introductions. No formalities. Just the sound of water boiling over an open flame.

As the forest whispered around us, Mr. I began to speak—not about kuṇḍalinī, but about rhythm. About the forest. He scooped dry soil from the earth beneath him, rubbing it between his hands, explaining to me how it’s used to grow many types of plants, and if there’s enough water it can grow special kinds of fruit.

His English was surprisingly good. I had worried about this before, as his emails had sometimes been confusing. But now, I began to think it was simply his eccentric way of communicating. He was full of energy, speaking with elaborate gestures that animated every word.

“What happens at your resort then?” I asked.

“It’s a place to show people how to be quiet,” he said.

“People make too much noise—always go, go, go.”

“Do you teach the method of awakening the kuṇḍalinī?” I asked.

“Teach it?” He replied with large eyes surprised at my question. “No, no, we don’t talk about that kind of thing. The resort is for quiet time. Kuṇḍalinī is something different. Not for groups.”

As I sat there with my t-shirt stuck to me with sweat, I began to think maybe Mr. I doesn’t like to talk about it. But I had come all the way for answers, and he knew why I was there. So I worked up the courage to ask, “What is the kuṇḍalinī?”

“Ah, now,” he replied whilst smiling in a way that reassured me. He lifted a stick and, in the soil below him he drew the shape of an eight. “This is kuṇḍalinī, life eternal,” he said.

Immediately I thought of the ouroboros, but kept my focus and asked him, “What has it brought into your life?” He asked me to rephrase it as he struggled to understand the question. So, I asked, “What did kuṇḍalinī do to you?”

He smiled and said, “Ah okay. It gave me much trouble and then peace. But not total peace, because the troubles of being a human still exist whilst I live in this body. I must fight it always. But I know a peace now that I never did before.”

He spoke at length about how our human nature hinders us. He made many references about animals, comparing our nature to that of the animal. He told me that it is our fate to rise above the animals and leave the Earth for good. I pressed him on this, but he dodged explaining it further.

He told me many stories his ancestors had passed down through the generations. They believed that every 40,000 years an apocalypse would occur, and that life would start over. He told me how the Neanderthal extinction was the last one.

Quickly I calculated it in my mind with the result being this age. If true, that meant we were now staring down that barrel today. He went on to tell me about their rituals; at the spring equinox they would carry fire from one side of the town to the other, where the women would have a large feast prepared. He said on that day the wine would flow and that copulation was beneficial, as the fertility gods were present.

“So, you believe in polytheism?” I asked. “You believe that there are many gods?”

“No,” he replied with a more serious look on his face.

“There is one God. Many demi-gods though.”

Whilst now smiling again, he explained to me that the ritualistic practices of the cultures around the world had always been important, that they kept a message alive. But today we are at a stage where it is not as important now, as they've already been recorded onto the web. He told me all the stories are now compiled in one large mother, and that she gives her bosom to any that are seeking food.

He invited me to join him that evening for a gathering of music at a local outdoor space, where a small group of like-minded people met each week to play. I hesitated, but I knew I had nowhere else to be—my flight wasn't until the next day. I had booked a room in a small hotel nearby, but Mr. I assured me I wouldn't be going anywhere near that hotel. That I was staying with him.

He told me music was the language of life. "Without music," he said, "there is no life." I had never considered myself musical. I couldn't play an instrument. I couldn't dance. A nervousness settled in at the thought of it.

"Don't worry, my friend," he said, draping an arm around my shoulder as we walked. "The book is not the only reason you are here. The right music can change a person."

As we reached the edge of the trees, the clearing opened up into a wide, earthen amphitheater lit by torches and surrounded by the low hum of the jungle night. A few others had already arrived—some sitting cross-legged on the ground, some tuning handmade instruments, others engaged in quiet conversation.

The mestre greeted each of them like family, then took his place near the fire. Someone handed me a small percussion instrument—which was shaped like a tortoise shell and filled with seeds. I smiled awkwardly, but he nodded with encouragement.

Then the rhythm began. Slow. Organic. As if the forest itself had set the tempo.

Drums echoed like a second heartbeat. Voices rose—not in song, but in something more primal, more ancient. I didn't understand the language, but I understood the feeling. It wasn't performance. It was invocation.

And then it happened.

I don't know how long we played—time had melted. But somewhere between one breath and the next, I felt it: something inside of me opening, widening. Like a door I hadn't known was there had been quietly unlocked.

No lightning. No visions. Just a soft clarity. A gentle lifting of weight I didn't know I carried.

Later, as we walked back to his home beneath a sky thick with stars, I asked mestre how music could release so much weight of a person.

“Vibrational resonance,” he said simply.

I nodded slowly, feeling the truth of it. Above us, the stars seemed to shimmer with their own silent song, as if everything in existence—seen and unseen—was forever vibrating, forever trying to remember how to be light again.

I slept that night in a hammock strung between two trees, the sounds of the forest cradling me like a song.

And I dreamed—not of symbols, or teachings, or serpents—but of a quiet fire burning in the dark. A rhythm pulsing beneath the Earth. And someone standing beside it, barefoot, smiling.

Interview Fourteen

One

MR. C- IRELAND



Dublin pulsed with creative life as I wandered through its vibrant streets. The city's energy seemed to rise straight from its art—graffiti-painted alleyways, galleries tucked between centuries-old pubs, and the hum of live music spilling out onto the cobblestones. It was in the heart of this eclectic urban tapestry that I was set to meet a man whose path had been shaped equally by art and an extraordinary spiritual awakening.

We had been in contact for seven months before I finally made the journey to meet him. His writing alone had set him apart—sharp, layered with metaphysical insight, and rich with reflections on the connection between creativity and consciousness. His mention of a *kuṇḍalinī* awakening wasn't grandiose or self-important; it was seamlessly woven into his narrative, a quiet

but powerful thread in the fabric of his life and work.

As I approached his apartment, there was a strange charge in the air—an energy I couldn't quite name. I felt the kind of anticipation you might feel before reuniting with a long-lost friend. It's strange how, without explanation, you sometimes just know you're going to connect with someone.

He greeted me outside with a big hug and a handshake. He lived in a converted loft in one of Dublin's creative enclaves—a district where old warehouses had been transformed into studios, workshops, and living spaces for artists and thinkers. The building itself felt like a work of art: exposed brick, high ceilings, and large windows that let in soft Dublin light, casting long shadows over unfinished canvases and scattered sketches.

Inside, his world came alive. The walls were filled with his work—a fusion of abstract expressionism and raw, emotionally charged portraits. Some pieces were bright and full of movement, others dark and still. Unfinished pieces leaned against the floor, and sketches lay where inspiration had landed. Everything reflected the mind of its creator—unfiltered, searching, and in deep dialogue with the unseen.

“Well, man—welcome to thy humble abode,” he said, smiling wide, his full mouth of gleaming white teeth flashing with warmth.

“Thanks for having me,” I replied. “I love Dublin—and the people.”

“We have our moments,” he joked. “Ah, but no, in all seriousness, I’m proud of my Irish roots. We have a lineage that goes way back—to the ancient Egyptian bloodline of its day.”

I had read that theory before, and how the ancient Egyptian pharaohs had red hair like so many of the Celts. He spoke about how certain bloodlines carried distinct characteristics and patterns, and how destiny was embedded in the thread of a person’s life. He believed in predestined fate. Determinism was something I’d always struggled with—such a difficult lens to shape your worldview around. But he explained that it ultimately didn’t matter whether free will existed or not—it changed nothing.

“Do you really want to be responsible for every one of your actions?” he asked.

That was a frightening thought. One I hadn’t truly considered. I suppose he was right—if life was predetermined, then perhaps we had a case for innocence.

He elaborated. The reason free will doesn't exist, he said, is because everything exists within the Creator—and that Creator already knows the beginning, the middle, and the end. That knowing makes it all predetermined.

“So, even in the higher dimensions,” I asked, “you believe there's no free will?”

“Correct. It's an illusion to our small frames of thinking,” he replied. “Humans struggle with that because our minds are programmed to believe we're the creators—the machines writing our own stories moment by moment. We're ignorant to the workings of the Creator and have placed ourselves at the top of the matrix, believing we are the supreme architects. That is why so many people are lost.”

This was one of the most difficult concepts for me to understand and accept from all my travels. I asked what benefit people could gain from thinking this way. He told me that reverence for the Creator is essential. As long as people live in a state of duality, they remain asleep. They are what his ancestors called “the dead.”

“Do you think the Egyptian tombs were referring to people who had passed from this Earth?” he asked. Before I could reply, he continued, “No. They were referring to those still

walking around—but spiritually dead. Most people claim to have life from inside their tombs, their bodies. Only through a connection to the Creator can they awaken to a life that is real.”

“So, you understand the meanings behind the artwork of ancient Egypt?” I asked.

“Yes, of course,” he said, his voice steady with certainty. “The wisdom was given to me by the Creator. That almighty light gives in abundance where it’s needed. And the world needs light and truth now more than ever. We’re entering a period of change—and the light bearers are increasing in numbers to show many the way.”

“What is the way?” I asked.

“Truth,” he replied. “The Creator is All—and I am simply a messenger. We must align our minds and energy with that greatness. That’s the only way harmony can enter the heart. And when it does, that harmony will become a song—one that echoes across the entire universe. And with it, comes a higher frequency.” “And then what?” I asked.

He smiled again, warmly. “And then, Hugo, my man—we ascend to our true form of light. We mirror our Father’s image. We sing a tune of delight, eternally praising our almighty Creator with our kin from the light.”

“Have you seen such things?” I asked.

“Yes,” he replied. “I’ve seen beings of light many times. I’ve been to realms unlike anything you can imagine—some made entirely of dynamic electricity. Our minds, as they are now, can’t comprehend it. But in time, they’ll expand.”

“Can the Creator be seen? Known? Experienced?” I asked.

“Not in the way you mean,” he said. “There’s no image to behold, no voice to hear, no experience to cling to with the senses. But to those who’ve experienced what you call kuṇḍalinī—the Creator is indeed seen, known, and lived.”

“In what way?” I asked.

Now smiling again—the biggest, friendliest smile I had ever seen—he stepped toward me and gently placed a hand on the back of my neck.

“Hugo, my friend,” he said, “in a time to come, the answer to that will sit in your heart like a treasure you’ve discovered. But for now—let me bring you a glass of water.”

He took out of his cooler a large glass bottle of water with a corkscrew in the top. He held it as though it was an expensive bottle of wine. He told

me how it was healing water, the purest kind from the local streams.

As I sipped the water, my eyes wandered around the room, now fully enclosed by the art. It was captivating—symbolic, strange, and deeply personal.

“Your art,” I said. “It’s got such a particular style—I haven’t seen anything like it. Where does it come from?”

“Their symbolic,” he said, nudging a tea coaster with a fox illustration on it toward me. “Each piece reflects the process of man.”

His work blended human and animal forms—in an anthropomorphised style but was also laid with heavy evolution themes. Wolves, pigs, turtles. Some pieces were dark, others lighter. All of them held mystery.

Bringing the conversation back to determinism, I asked, “Did you find it easy to accept the idea of having no free will?”

“Phew!” he gestured, blowing out his cheeks. “I’ll never forget the day it truly sank in. I was sitting in a café, talking about the concept with a friend, and it hit me. I had a full-blown panic attack. The walls closed in. My friend’s voice

distorted. My perception of reality collapsed. I sat there, begging the spirit within me for peace.”

Mr. C went on to say how he had faced many challenges with the theory. “It goes against everything we’ve been taught as humans. We resist it because it threatens our illusion of control.”

“So... you can still have panic attacks, even after raising the kuṇḍalinī?” I asked, surprised.

“Absolutely,” he said. “In my life, that’s when I’ve had the most. You have no idea how many layers must be peeled back to reach certain truths. Change is always difficult. But it’s only through that difficulty that something undeniable is formed. What’s left is a knowing—through memory—of what was, and what now is.”

“Change is necessary, isn’t it?” I asked, already sensing his answer.

“Of course,” he said. “It’s the only constant that science has confirmed. There is movement in all things—light arranging itself into matter, then shifting again. And there is that which can’t be measured, also changing from one state to another. Transformation is the rhythm of the greatest story ever told—a pulse inside the Creator. And that rhythm must be understood.”

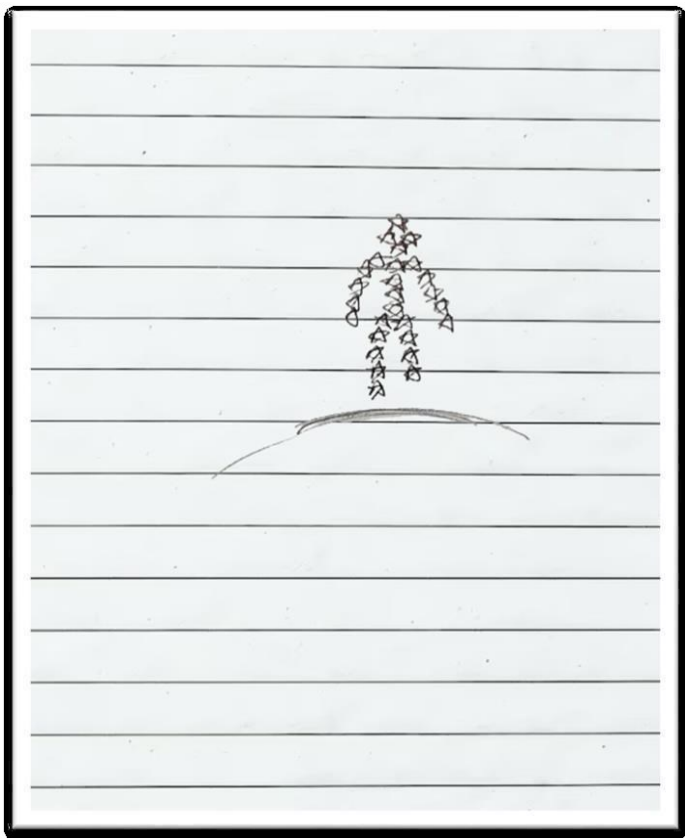
“What advice would you give someone to help understand it?” I asked.

“Stop fighting the tide,” he said. “You are a globule of water in the ocean. But man tries to move against the flow—as if he can go his own way. It’s absurd. Trust the ocean. Be grateful to be part of something so vast. There is no right or wrong—only movement toward the Creator. The sooner you embrace that, the easier your life becomes.”

We spent the rest of the evening wandering through Dublin. He showed me corners of the city I never would have discovered alone—hidden murals, sacred geometry in old architecture, symbols etched in stone. He saw meaning in everything. And by the end of the night, I began to see it too.

Later, back home, I was flipping through my notebook when I came across a small sketch I’d made during our conversation. A stick figure—made of stars. Simple, but somehow full of something more. It got me thinking about what he’d said: that we are all held within the Creator, just as trillions of cells in our bodies are held within us—each unaware of the larger reality, yet playing its part.

Maybe we are a version of that same truth. A
god to a universe within. A universe in the image of
something beyond imagination.



Sketch of man made of stars.

Interview Fifteen

Astral

MR. S- FRANCE



The train ride into the south of France felt like crossing into a slower rhythm of life. Vineyards stretched endlessly along the hillsides, olive trees stood like old sentinels in the fields, and the air had a clarity that made even silence feel full. The village I was heading to didn't appear on most maps. It was the kind of place people passed through without ever realising they had.

I was meeting a man who, based on the messages I'd received, I could only describe as "the one who had gone quiet." No phone. No digital trace. I'd been told to

follow a narrow road out of the village until the tarmac gave way to dirt—and to keep going until I found a stone house with blue shutters.

So I did just that.

The house looked as though it had grown out of the earth itself—modest, weathered, but dignified. Lavender bushes lined the path to the door, and a cat stretched lazily in the sun, too unconcerned to notice me. Before I could knock, the door opened.

He was older than I expected—barefoot, suntanned, with eyes that watched without judgment. He greeted me with a quiet “Bonjour,” then gestured gently for me to follow him inside. The space smelled faintly of woodsmoke. There were no clocks, no screens—just shelves of books, and more stacked unevenly on the floor. A kettle began to boil softly in the background, and a stillness filled the room—one that seemed to stretch far beyond its walls.

We sat across from each other at a table that looked like it had held a thousand secrets—and even more tears. He poured the tea slowly, deliberately, then looked up and spoke for the first time.

“This interview is the closing of a circle for me,” he said.

Bewildered by what he meant, I asked, “How do you mean?”

“For some time, I’ve been searching for my meaning,” he replied. “No one gains the glory I’ve

felt within without having a duty to fulfill. I've taken myself out of the world—and without the internet, I've often wondered if I was doing the right thing.”

“But how did you see the ad of me looking for people?” I asked.

“To keep up with the world, I do occasionally use public computers,” he said. “I've thought a lot about this interview—and how it might fit into my role. What could I possibly offer that's different from what you've already been told? What have the powers beyond shown me that's unique? That answer, I hope you can help me find.”

We talked about his childhood, his journey through midlife, and his eventual awakening. He described struggles that mirrored those of others I'd interviewed—but one thing stood out: his deep experience with the astral realm.

And there it was—his purpose. He didn't need an internet connection, a following, or worldly success. All he needed was to continue experiencing a realm few have seen or even know exists.

“Can you tell me more about it?” I asked.

He took a deep breath. “I had heard of astral projection before—seen it in films, read about it.

It's usually depicted as hazy, like a dream state. But what I experienced was very different."

I listened, scribbling in my notebook as he described his first time. He explained how some years earlier he had heard a woman on YouTube give advice on astral projection. She said, "If you ever feel a vibration in your body, roll out of it." One night, he awoke with that very sensation—an overwhelming vibration centred in his head. He rolled, and instantly, he was out.

"It was dark at first," he said. "Then I remembered more advice—ask for your sight. So, I asked over and over, and eventually, my vision cleared. It wasn't normal vision. It was sharper, as if the resolution of everything had been upgraded."

He recalled thinking, where do I want to go? He chose the Moon. Passing effortlessly through the wall of his room, he was suddenly there—floating above it and then settling down on its surface. Dozens of people were sat there, looking back at Earth. One turned to him and said, "Hello, Mr. S."

Shocked, he asked, "How do you know my name? This is my first astral projection." The man leaned toward someone beside him and whispered something, and a sudden wave of anxiety surged through him. A deep, instinctual fear took over.

He turned and fled—rushing back toward his body.

“Let me back in,” he pleaded, over and over.

“But before I could re-enter my body,” he continued, “I slipped into a lucid dream. I think those two beings from the Moon somehow put me back into a dream state.”

His tone shifted slightly, the intensity giving way to quiet reflection. “It was like being caught between worlds—still conscious, still aware, but no longer in the astral. In the dream, I knew I was dreaming. I had control, but everything felt... softer, more fluid. It’s a strange state. You’re awake in a place that isn’t real, yet every part of you believes it could be.”

He turned to me, his expression calm but intense.

“Do you know what lucid dreaming is, Hugo?”

I wasn’t entirely sure, so I replied, “Please, tell me.”

He leaned back further into his seat, taking a slow, steady breath. On the exhale, he began.

“A lucid dream is when you become aware that you’re dreaming, but unlike the astral experience there is no separation of soul. You can control the

dream, but the world within it is hazy. Unstable. If you stare at an image for too long, it'll morph. Even your own hands might change—turn into rainbows or start melting if you try to touch them.”

He paused for a moment, his gaze drifting toward the window as though searching for the right words.

“The astral world is very different from that,” he said. “It’s not hazy. It’s not dreamlike. It’s more like this world—solid, clear, consistent. I often wonder how many people have truly experienced it. Most of the stories I’ve come across sound more like lucid dreaming. And don’t get me wrong, lucid dreams can feel incredibly real. I experience them regularly. Sometimes, they even begin with that same rising sensation out of your body. But the astral world... the astral world is something else entirely.”

His second journey was more disturbing. Again, he rolled out, requested vision, and stepped outside. The street was eerily familiar—except there were no lights. Everything was cast in natural darkness, yet he could see with perfect clarity. In the distance, he saw hunched, many-limbed creatures starting to move toward him. They were dark, crawling figures. He told me they reminded him of the wheelers from *The Wizard of Oz*.

“I bolted back to my body, pleading to let me back into it,” he said. “I was terrified. I lay awake for hours trying to make sense of it.”

His third time was different. He’d been meditating for hours, mind completely silent. Then, without warning, a bolt of light shot across his inner vision. It bounced wildly, like electricity firing through a web of neurons. Then—boom—he was blasted out of his crown.

He flew through what looked like his street, but airborne, only he was out of control like he was caught in a storm, or underneath waves. He saw the Moon in his periphery. Then came a presence. A dark shadow. It followed him as he tried to fly upwards.

He remembered reading somewhere that you could shoot lightning from your hands in the astral realm. Desperate, he tried—and to his surprise, it worked. His hands weren’t hands, but plasma. The entity didn’t seem too affected and continued its pursuit.

He pleaded to return to his body.

Then he woke—or thought he did.

“I felt it—laying on my legs,” he said, his voice lowering, eyes distant with the memory. “That same presence. Heavy. Pressing down on me. I

panicked and shot up again, just like before—out of my body, back into that strange current in the street, the storm.”

He paused, then continued with a shift in tone, quieter—almost reverent.

“This time I pleaded, ‘Take me to my brothers.’ And then—suddenly—I was floating in space. Weightless. Silent. Surrounded by interstellar clouds of red, green, and blue. It was beautiful... beyond anything I’ve seen with my physical eyes. And for a moment, I felt completely at peace.”

Then he heard a woman’s voice—gentle, soft, divine—whisper his name. But he said he thought it was someone in his bedroom and woke frightened.

“I wish I’d spoken to her,” he said. “I sit at times and feel such sorrow for not answering.”

His fourth experience was less complete. He woke to the sound of someone snoring only to realise it was him. A loud, fast, repeating tapping noise then startled him, and he awoke.

He described another moment—one where he’d begun to leave his body but stopped himself. “I half popped out,” he said, “but what I saw... it terrified me.

The dimension I glimpsed was made entirely of electricity. Pure energy. Everything was glowing in shades of blue—crackling, humming, alive.”

He fell silent for a moment, then reached for something beside him—a weathered notebook. Inside were pages thick with scribbled lines of experience. He would write them down immediately to refer back to them if needed.

I asked him one final question.

“Do you think that shadow world—the one that mirrors Earth—is where we go when we die?”

He paused, exhaled, and said, “It’s crossed my mind. Maybe I was shown it to prepare. Maybe we all beg to get back into a body when we die due to the images on the other side. On that night I proved how big my attachment to this body is. But now? I’m learning to let go.”

He told me it had been many years since his last astral experience. The door, it seemed, had stayed closed for a while. But he didn’t speak of it with frustration or impatience—only with quiet resolve.

“I think the next time it happens,” he said, “I need to have the courage not to flee. Not to plead to return to my body. I believe that’s the point of all this—that the test is to face what’s there, to stay, and not be tricked into wanting the body again.”

His voice was calm, but I could hear the weight of those words. The clarity of someone who had seen too much to ever pretend otherwise.

It gave me a lot to think about. The idea that there could be creatures—beings—dwelling in a realm that runs parallel to ours. A world that mimics our own in form, yet remains invisible to most, hidden behind the veil of limited senses. The thought unsettled me.

But more than fear, what lingered was a strange sense of awe. That perhaps the great mysteries of existence aren't "out there" at all—but beside us. Within us. Waiting for us to stop running. Waiting for us to look.

As I stood to leave, he handed me the notebook—the one filled with sketches and memories, pages weathered by time and thought.

"Take it," he said. "Not because you need answers—but because you'll know the right questions to ask when the time comes."

I thanked him, unsure of what to say. The weight of our conversation, of the unseen realms we'd touched upon, felt heavy and sacred.

Outside, the sky was beginning to darken. The air had that unmistakable quiet that comes just before nightfall in the countryside—no rush, no

sound, just a soft retreat into stillness. I walked back down the dirt path, notebook in hand, and had an eerie sense that someone was following or watching me.

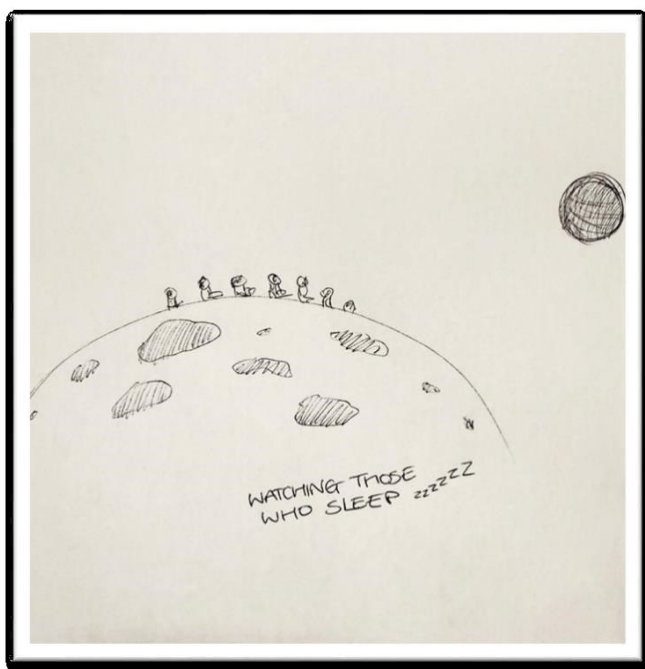
That night, in the quiet of my room, I opened the notebook again. Its pages fluttered in the wind from the open window, as if the air itself wanted to read. I stared for a long time at a single drawing—people sitting on the Moon staring at a tiny Earth in the distance.

Beneath it, a single sentence was written:

“Watching those who sleep.”

I closed the notebook and turned out the light.

And for the first time in a long while, I was actually apprehensive about going to sleep.



A journal entry from the book I given.

Interview Sixteen

Ancient Mysteries

MR. L- GERMANY



The road twisted deeper into the Black Forest, narrowing with each mile until it felt like I was being swallowed by trees older than memory. Mist clung to the ground like a secret, and the air had a stillness to it that made time feel slower—heavier, even. It was the kind of place that seemed untouched by the rush of modern life, where ancient stories still echoed through the trees if you listened closely enough.

I was on my way to meet a man we will refer to as Mr. L, a former physicist turned recluse who had reportedly undergone a profound transformation after what he described as a “rupture in his understanding of reality.” He had agreed to speak with me under one condition: no audio or video recordings, no photographs.

Just presence and a notebook.

His home was tucked away in a quiet clearing, a modest wooden structure surrounded by tall pines and the soft hum of bees. A small stack of firewood sat neatly by the door, and a faint smell of herbs drifted through the air—sage, maybe, or lavender.

When he opened the door, he greeted me not with words, but with a slow nod and eyes that held both sharpness and stillness. There was something in his gaze that reminded me of the forest itself: wild, ancient, and deeply aware.

We sat at a handmade table inside, where books lined the shelves and a fire cracked quietly in the corner. He poured me a cup of something earthy and strong.

Then, without waiting for a question, he spoke.

“You’re not here to find answers,” he said, his voice low and steady. “You already have all the answers.”

“From the other interviews you mean?” I replied, confused.

“No,” he said. “Within you, you hold the whole universe—and more. All the answers are already there. Our duty is to bring them into the light. Maybe I’ll be that light for you.”

I appreciated his kind words but admitted I didn't quite understand. He simply said, "Suffice it to believe."

He went on to explain that everyone is playing a oneplayer game. Each person's destiny is unique, and at certain moments, light enters their life to raise their awareness—to remind them of the mission they've always carried within.

So many of the people I had interviewed had spoken of life as a kind of game. So I asked him outright:

"Is life a game?"

"To call it a game would be to cheapen it," he said. "But symbolically, yes—it fits. What is a game, after all, but an artistic structure you enter? It has rules. It has an objective. The rules must be learned, and the game must be played. You strive toward mastery, toward a kind of victory. In that sense... it's the perfect analogy."

It made sense. Another symbol my small mind had overlooked. I found myself turning over all the other terms I'd struggled with—wondering now if each one held a deeper, symbolic meaning I had simply failed to see.

"So how do we win?" I asked.

“By becoming one, whole,” he replied. “We must unite the male and female principles within us. This merging will bring about a rebirth.”

“And what would be the first step to take toward this?” I asked.

“Well,” he said. “Non-attachment to anything except

God. Once you become one, you must lean heavily—in all you think and do—on the one within you, for that is God’s representative.”

He went on to explain to me about the force that’s within. And how its ways seem harsh, but that we must understand that it is the darkness within us that tries to resist, trying to rob us of our glory. He told me how he lived his life in full obedience to pain, knowing that it was the teacher’s way of communicating.

When I asked why words couldn’t be used, considering the teacher was above all, he told me that this form of communication transcends language—and how it’s the animals that rely on primitive sounds to communicate.

“In truth,” he said, “everything is symbols. When we outgrow the animalistic part of ourselves, we begin to speak a new language.”

Symbolism had become a recurring theme throughout all the interviews I carried out. It had etched itself into my way of seeing. As Mr. L spoke about how everything is symbols, my mind lifted the idea to a higher thought—what if this whole life is one vast symbol? A reflection of something greater, something we're here to decipher.

We spoke at length about his life, his former work, and his present solitude. But what stood out most was the wisdom he had gained since his transformation—particularly his ability to decipher the symbols of the ancient world.

He believed that the artwork, structures, and burial sites of early civilisations weren't random, nor merely cultural expressions—they were codes. Symbolic representations of the rules of this great game we are all unknowingly playing. According to him, the sages of the past had paved the path and left behind breadcrumbs for those ready to walk it.

He glanced at my notebook and smiled.

“What do you think this is?” he asked. “Your book... is the cave paintings of the future.”

“We all work for a future we're completely unaware of,” he said. “But those who are chosen... they're made aware. And they go to work

diligently, with the utmost reverence for their Master.”

He was kind enough to share some of the meanings with me. As we sat flicking through images of cave paintings from around the world, my mind was blown. He didn’t just understand the artwork—he understood the stone pillars, the pyramids, the burial sites. He showed me ancient gravesites arranged with such precision that, according to him, carried messages—items and bones placed carefully, intentionally, as if meant for someone like him to one day awaken to their meaning.

With my jaw nearly resting on my lap, I listened as he spoke of a symbol that had perplexed me for years: the handprints found in caves across the world. He described them not as isolated images, but as part of a shared message—one left behind by ancient peoples to show that humanity must evolve from its beastly ways to a more upright, conscious manner of being. At some of the sites, he pointed out the faint imprints of animal hooves beside the human hands.

“That,” he said, “is the proof.”

He went on to explain that the evolution of the human thumb—a feature that took us from the trees and gave us the ability to manipulate our

environment—was symbolic of a higher potential. Not just physical progress, but spiritual responsibility.

His explanations didn't swirl through my mental filter like online theories. They landed. They fit. It felt like remembering something I had once known but had forgotten. I started to wonder if we really do have a kind of lock inside the brain—call it the Reticular Activating System or something more mystical—but people like Mr. L had clearly found the key.

He reminded me again: The answers are within. You just have to go looking.

Before I left, he offered to stay in touch, to help me cast light onto the many discoveries man has made, to help us understand the great messages from our ancestors. Messages not for the past—but for now. He explained how the profane would scoff at such interpretations—but those ready to progress would recognise the messages for what they truly were: sacred echoes of greatness, buried manuals for the very game they're already playing.



Handprints at Cueva de las Manos

*Created in waves between 7,300 BC and 700
AD*

Circles showing hooves.

Interview Seventeen

Mythology

MR. A- SWEDEN



I was nearing the end of my interviews. I hadn't planned to leave the Scandinavian countries until last—it just worked out that way. But I was glad it had. It felt fitting. Their beauty carried a quiet, ancient weight that was hard to describe in words that truly did it justice.

Sweden's countryside unfolded in every direction—endless forests, rolling hills, and a stillness that seemed to stretch across the landscape. The lakes shimmered in shades of turquoise I hadn't seen anywhere else on my travels. And the silence ... it was profound. Broken only by the rustle of leaves or the distant call of some unseen creature.

I was heading to a small village tucked deep in the heart of the Swedish wilderness, where life moved to the rhythm of nature itself.

The man I was to meet had chosen this remote location to escape the noise of the world. His cabin, surrounded by thick woods, was as secluded as it was peaceful. The landscape was rugged, yet inviting, and the stillness of the environment matched the quiet resolve of the man living within it.

He had long left behind the busy cities in search of solitude and a deeper connection to himself. His journey had taken him into the realms of spirituality, and it was here, amidst the vast forests and the calming solitude, that he claimed to have awakened kuṇḍalinī. The experience was not something he spoke of in mystical terms, but rather as a transformation that had occurred gradually, quietly, as he grew more in tune with the earth around him.

As I walked up the path to his cabin, the calm of the Swedish wilderness seemed to echo his inner journey—still, vast, and deeply connected to his environment. The man's life here was simple, but the peace it radiated spoke of a profound inner awakening that few would ever truly understand.

He opened the door before I had a chance to knock, as though he'd sensed my arrival long before I came into view. Tall and wiry, with a face bright and welcoming, he greeted me with a smile and a gesture toward the cabin's porch. Words felt unnecessary. Out here, everything important seemed to speak without them.

We sat under pine trees which swayed gently in the wind, the wooden boards beneath our feet creaking with the cold. He poured us both a cup of strong black tea from a soot-darkened kettle, and we watched the clouds drift lazily across the open sky. Finally, he spoke.

"I didn't come here looking for peace," he said. "I came here because I couldn't lie to myself anymore."

He'd been a musician once living in Stockholm, playing gigs, chasing moments of joy through noise and speed. But somewhere in the rhythm, something deeper had begun to surface. Not a longing, exactly—but a call.

A whisper he could no longer drown out with distraction.

"There came a stage where enough was enough," he said. "I made a conscious decision to give the spirit within me peace, peace from my

reckless ways of living. The city torments a person who is trying to walk a path of purity."

He spoke with passion about his connection to the spirit within. And with just as much depth, he spoke of the toll it took to live among those who, as he put it, were "still in death." Anytime he ventured into social situations, he said, the darkness within him would rise—gaining strength, whispering doubts, trying to convince him that everyone else was normal, and he was the one who had lost his way.

"It's a lot to overcome," he said. "Even for a trained, experienced mind. The world can gang up on you. And sometimes, even your own mind sides with it. It becomes a constant war, living in that kind of environment."

He paused, then added with solemn sincerity, "But there are warriors who choose to do it—to stay amongst the people, guiding them. And to those brothers of mine, I say... thank you."

He explained how the proper life—the awakened life—was synonymous with war. Not a war of violence, but of vigilance and restraint. "If you're not fighting a battle," he said, "then you're a prisoner. And the enemy is clever—it blinds you so completely, you don't even see the prison walls."

As he shared this metaphor, my mind drifted to the ancient Greek myth of the labyrinth—designed by Daedalus to contain the Minotaur. I mentioned it to him, and he smiled with a knowing look, as if he had found someone who spoke his language.

“Mythology is the artist’s greatest medium,” he said. “The Greeks—like the Romans, like the Egyptians before them—were masters of this art.”

We spoke of Homer, of Hesiod, and of others whose names still echo through time. Their books held privileged places on Mr. A’s bookshelf—worn, marked, revered. He hinted at hidden layers in their works, planting seeds in me that would take time—and effort—to fully grow. But one thing became unmistakably clear: these ancient stories were never just entertainment. They spoke a symbolic language. A language that, in today’s world, has been compressed into a single word—*kuṇḍalinī*.

As we spoke I noticed a familiar image on his table of a statue that had its nose broken off. I asked Mr. A if he knew if this was deliberate, as so many ancient statues had this disfigurement. He smiled and told me that the nose was removed as a clue for us to understand something.

We sat for a moment with the question burning a hole in me. Before I plucked up the courage to ask:

“Understand what?” I asked.

“Well,” he said, placing his hand gently on the image in question and turning it to face him, “our ancestors were clever. By breaking the noses on statues, they were symbolically showing the importance of restraining desire. The nose—our sense of smell—is one of the most powerful triggers of worldly craving.” He glanced at me, then continued.

“Think about it. The smell of a sugary treat makes your mouth water, right? That’s desire. But it goes deeper. When it comes to lust, our sense of smell plays a massive role—usually without us even realising it. For example, men can subconsciously detect when a woman is about to begin her menstrual cycle. It doesn’t register in the conscious mind, but it affects our hormonal system all the same. That’s also why women who live together often end up syncing their cycles. It’s all detected through scent.”

At first, I found myself thinking, So the nose is a curse, then—until he clarified. He explained that the sense of smell, like all things, could be a great gift to those fighting the internal war.

He spoke of the nose as a tool—not just for temptation, but for discernment. “It can help you detect what is pure and what is putrid in the world,” he said. “The things that are bad for us will make the body smell foul. But when you begin to

live in alignment—whether through diet, or restraint from sexual pleasure—the body starts to smell different. Cleaner. It’s a kind of verification.”

Even the enlightened, he told me, still need verification—because the trickster never disappears.

“It just gets quieter,” he said.

As the evening light began to fade, the pine trees around us turned to silhouettes against a sky streaked with amber and silver. We sat in that silence for a while—two figures in the wilderness, joined not by destination, but by direction.

Before I left, he walked me down to the path that led back to the road. We didn’t speak much. There was no need. The forest said what it needed to say through stillness. Through breath. Through the whisper of needles underfoot.

At the edge of the trees, he turned to me.

“You’re doing sacred work,” he said. “Not for the ego, as the trickster would try to convince you. Stay focused on the task at hand. The trickster is only a tool for the master spirit—though his time in the light is coming to an end.”

I nodded, unsure how to reply. My words would have felt clumsy in that moment. So, I just smiled,

placed a hand on my chest in thanks, and stepped back into the world that moves a little too fast.

As I walked away, I could still smell the scent of herbs on my coat. Still feel the echo of his presence in my mind. And more than anything, I carried the image of that broken-nosed statue—its silence speaking louder than words. A message passed through time by those who once lived in service... to a man yet to come.

Each step I took through the forest felt like a soft turning of a page.

I was nearing the end of the book.

But not the end of the story.

Interview Eighteen

Intuition

MR. B- NORWAY



After three years of traveling the world conducting these interviews, I had arrived at the most northerly and my final destination.

Norway's landscape was both majestic and humbling. Towering fjords rose steeply from the water, their cliffs ancient and silent, as though holding secrets from a time before time. I arrived in a small village tucked away on the edge of a fjord, where time seemed to move more slowly—measured not by clocks, but by the rising and falling of tides.

The man I was to meet had settled there years ago, choosing the solitude of nature over the distractions of modern life. His cabin stood isolated on the side of a hill, overlooking the vast waters below. The wind carried the scent of salt and

seaweed from the fjord below, and the air was crisp, invigorating. Silence fitted the place like a glove, broken only by the calls of seabirds and the distant rumble of waves against the shore.

He had retreated from the world in search of something deeper, something that could never be found in a city. His claim to have had a kuṇḍalinī awakening was offered with quiet confidence—a secret he shared only with those he believed he could help.

As I made my way toward his home, the vastness of the Norwegian wilderness felt like a reflection of the journey I had taken to reach this point. The calmness of the land echoed the stillness of the seventeen others I had met along the way.

He greeted me outside, framed by the grey-blue sweep of the fjord. Dressed in thick wool and worn boots, he looked like someone who belonged to the land, not just someone living on it. His handshake was firm, his eyes clear and calm—matching the colour of the sky behind him—and still as a mountain lake untouched by wind.

We didn't speak much at first. He led me along a narrow trail behind the cabin, where moss blanketed the stones and small streams whispered beneath the trees. We climbed for some time until we reached a plateau overlooking the water, the

horizon stretching endlessly in every direction. He pointed toward it.

“This is where I first realised it had happened,” he said. “Not in the cabin. Not in meditation. Here. Watching the world breathe without me.”

He sat on a flat rock and gestured for me to join him. For a while, we said nothing. We just listened—to the wind, the water, the silence that spoke louder than words. Then, slowly, he began to share.

He had experienced the same kind of awakening all of the others had described. But what caught my attention—what I wanted to understand more deeply—was the intuitive sense he claimed to have developed afterward.

“I had always been intuitive,” he said. “But when that force from beyond came upon me, my intuition sharpened to the point where every person and every situation became transparent. It was a great gift—one I nurtured consciously over many years.”

As I sat there listening, I couldn’t help but feel like

Mr. B was reading every thought that crossed my mind.

Smiling, I asked jokingly, “So you can read my thoughts, right?”

He laughed. “No, not exactly. But if you were harbouring negative feelings, I’d sense it. If you were uncomfortable, I’d feel that too. Whenever someone was holding back an argument or an emotional charge around me, my thoughts would start to torment me. I’d hear their side of the argument in my mind. It was overwhelming in the early days.”

He explained how every human being has this intuitive ability—what people commonly refer to as a “gut feeling.” We are all connected, he said, by threads beyond the senses. And the species is slowly evolving toward a form of communication that will no longer rely on words.

It was a strange concept, but not beyond imagination. I thought of stories in popular culture—accounts of beings from other worlds who communicated without speech.

“What is it, really, then? Intuition?” I asked.

“It’s the part of us that already knows,” he said. “The unseen. Most people are locked into an identity built around their material existence. They go through life without ever knowing who or what they truly are.” “Know thyself”—the ancient Greek

maxim echoed through my mind. Every person I had interviewed could have lived in another age as a philosopher. When I voiced that thought, Mr. B nodded thoughtfully and said the role of today's awakened ones is different.

“We are at a pivotal moment in humanity's journey,” he said. “We've developed the mental faculties and the technology to understand certain truths. The symbols are different now.”

We spoke at length about symbolism—just as I had with the others. They had all re-learned reality through symbols. For Mr. B, it was a never-ending process that kept his mind engaged and focused on truth.

Returning to the subject of intuition, he surprised me with a question of his own.

“Do you think you chose to seek out kuṇḍalinī—or was it already chosen for you?” he asked gently.

I briefly stared into the space between us, unsure how to answer. My way of thinking had changed so much over the past few years. I'd come to accept the possibility of almost anything.

“I'm not sure,” I finally said, curious to hear his thoughts.

“That intuitive pull within you,” he said, “it’s a magnetic force. You were chosen—for something important. These words you’re gathering will reach the right person at the right time. A light is being shone now, so that when someone is ready, they’ll find the truth waiting. They’ll have access to healing words, just when they need them most.”

We spoke as we headed towards where he lived. He told how our paths were intertwined for a special reason. How reality was structured to raise each person to life at the right time and provide them with tools and words needed to show them the truth. That our mission was to put this material into the world for future seekers to read when their awakening from their sleep caused them confusion.

“Our words will be a healing tonic for the weary,” he said as we arrived at his front door. “Your book will be guided by the Lord of spirits to the downtrodden as they navigate the stormy seas of life. It will be food to those who hunger for truth. Bring peace to those tormented by the dark powers of the Earth.”

His place was humble, but alive with presence. The cabin’s wooden walls were lined with shelves of old texts—many in languages I couldn’t read—alongside handmade tools, candles, feathers, and symbols carved into artefacts. A small fire crackled

in the hearth, and the smell of dried herbs lingered in the air, warm and grounding.

There was no clutter, no excess—only what was needed, and everything seemed to have a purpose. It felt less like a home and more like a sanctuary, a space dedicated to quiet study and communion with the unseen.

He gestured for me to sit by the fire, then began preparing tea from a tin of dried mountain herbs. As he moved through the space, he spoke softly—more to the room than to me.

“Would you like some dinner?” he asked. “I’m a vegetarian though, so there’s only salad on the menu.”

I nodded, still absorbing my surroundings. “That would be great, thanks.”

That made it eighteen out of eighteen—all of those I’d interviewed had turned to vegetarianism after their awakening. Not one had returned to meat. He told me he’d eaten fish for years afterward before letting that go as well.

He explained how the flesh of animals made the body acidic, disrupting the delicate internal balance. For the awakened, he said, it posed unseen dangers. “What the average person can consume without consequence becomes poison for the one

who is growing. The body becomes more sensitive, more electric. You have to protect it.”

Outside the window, the fjord glistened under the shifting light, its surface alive with ripples from the breeze. The world seemed quieter here, slower, deeper.

“Can anyone awaken?” I asked.

He paused before answering, pouring the tea carefully into two clay cups.

“Yes,” he said finally. “But not everyone will. Not everyone is ready to let go of the world they know. Awakening is a death of self—of identity, of certainty. It requires courage. But when it comes... and the waves settle, it’s like remembering a song you’ve always known. Not a new truth—but the oldest one.”

We drank in silence for a while, the warmth of the tea blending with the stillness of the room. I felt, once again, that sense I had felt with others like him: that he was both ordinary and extraordinary. A man, but more than a man.

A guide.

Outside, the sky began to darken, and mist crept in from the water. The day was ending.

“You’ve gathered the voices,” he said, setting down his knife and fork after eating dinner. “Let each be a thread in a larger weave—let the story carry itself. Don’t try to control it. Let it speak through you onto the pages.”

I looked at him, suddenly aware that this was the final conversation of the journey. The last note in a long and winding melody. And yet, it didn’t feel like an end—only a turning.

As I prepared to leave, he walked with me back for a bit, his presence steady at my side. We paused once more at the plateau, gazing out over the vast stillness.

“There will be more storms,” he said. “More trials. But those who’ve been touched by the fire will carry the light forward. That’s always how it’s been.”

I thanked him—not just for the tea, the dinner, or the wisdom—but for being such a pivotal part of my journey. This was the final stop, and somehow, also a major turning point in my own path. I hadn’t mentioned it to Mr. B, but today was my 42nd birthday. And though this chapter was ending, I could feel another quietly beginning, tugging at me from just beyond the horizon.

I thought about what he had said—that it was no coincidence I had gathered this knowledge of the kuṇḍalinī. Within me, I had learned to be still. And in that stillness, I had awakened a sense of peace that now rested on my heart like a seed.

What might sprout from it, I didn't yet know.

But what I did know—what I was certain of—was that I would make every effort to water it, to nurture it, and to honour whatever grew from it.

Conclusion

So, to return to the question—What is kuṇḍalinī?

It is not a serpent.

Not a myth.

He is not a relic.

It is the encoded force of becoming.

A current that animates matter, memory, and meaning.

She is sound before language, fire before form.

And when it moves, you do not simply feel energy. You become reality, unveiled.

The people I interviewed convinced me of a force that lives through them—one that echoes what ancient traditions have whispered throughout the ages. They share too many patterns, too many quiet certainties, to ignore. Not just in what they say, but in how they live.

Each one had endured hardship. And each had emerged not bitter, but burnished—hardened toward the illusions and vices of the world, yet softened in their regard for others. Sharpened in mind. Grounded in balance. Certain in their cause.

All of them carried the same quiet knowing: they were not here to escape the world—they were here to overcome it. And by doing so they gained the tools to help heal it.

This was the only reason they agreed to share any details with me.

Why they allowed their voices to be carried in these pages.

What began as a search for truth led me to something else entirely: a thirst for the life they had found.

Not life in its material shimmer.

But a life that is real.

One that needs no ornament, no striving—only the steady presence of what is true.

Of where I am.

What I am.

And who I have always been.

Final Note from the Author

What began as a search driven by ego—a pursuit for something that might elevate my own sense of importance—slowly transformed into something else entirely. Along the way, it became a new way of living. A new way of seeing. A quiet understanding of what is real... and what is illusion.

And what I heard—what I felt—in living rooms, forests, kitchens, and quiet hillsides across the world was not something easily accepted. It isn't for everyone. It can only be recognised by someone who carries enough light within them—someone whose inner flame has begun to flicker, no matter how faintly.

I'm now convinced there is a current moving through human beings.

Sometimes it stirs quietly, like mist rising from the earth.

Other times it tears a life in half and remakes it from the inside out.

Either way, when it moves, it leaves fingerprints.

Not everyone wants to talk about it. And there's good reason for not.

But you know when you're in the presence of someone it has touched.

The space around them is different. Virtue pours from their very being. Words slow down.

And something inside of you cries out to be remembered.

I've come to realise that this book has no real ending written into it.

It was never meant to.

Those who pick it up—those who feel called to these words—will continue it in their own way. In their own time.

It will live on in questions asked, in quiet moments of reflection, in dreams that disturb and awaken.

The journey does not belong to me anymore.

It belongs to you now.